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Notes of the Week

THE news that a rather serious discontent exists among the officers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and that many of the sea-going engineers of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have handed in their resignations, points to a state of unrest in a quarter which hitherto has been deemed stable and secure. Possibly the difficulties of the situation may be solved by the time these words are read; there is one aspect of the matter, however, which might repay consideration. It is a pity that these officers, men of some dignity and holding responsible positions, could not arrange their affairs privately with the authorities of their respective companies. The irrepressible headline-specialists of our daily papers are always on the alert for an opening, and "Liner Officers On Strike" proved a tempting opportunity. We imagine that the worthy men chiefly concerned, who may or may not have just cause for complaint, are not particularly pleased at seeing their discreet protest thus labelled; but they must take the blame upon themselves.

The question whether a theatre should have an orchestra or not, revived by the threat of a rebellion among the musicians attached to the London theatres and music-halls, is not, perhaps, of vital importance, and will receive different answers; but the opinion of those who occupy the first row of stalls would probably be that the orchestra is a nuisance between the acts of a play. To anyone seated at the front of the stalls it does not discourse sweet music—its various members make a noise; the sufferer is compelled to listen to the startling, intermittent kettledrum, the strident note of the cornet, the trills of oboe and clarinet, or the vigorous violins, according to his position. About half-way back, the whole is blended into recognisable music. It seems, therefore, that, if we are to have an

orchestra, its time-honoured quarters should be changed; it should be placed where every member of the audience can hear it, undistracted by the preponderance of any particular instrument or by the sudden bobbing up of curious heads during the course of the performance—which we have seen happen both in London and the provinces. Given the construction of the modern playhouse, it is a nice problem to find the ideal place for the musicians.

We have received the first number of *The Thespian*, which describes itself in a sub-title as "the Official Organ of the Dramatic Clubs Association and the Federation of Scottish Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Societies, and an Official Organ of the British Empire Shakespeare Society." There was room for a paper which should cater for the amateur actor and the play-goer in general, and this opening performance is certainly a good one. It gives some excellent items; an article on the Savoy operas; one on "Make-up," by the well-known authority on the subject, Mr. Cavendish Morton; a contribution by Mr. William Poel; book reviews and notices of plays—these are a few features of a paper which promises to be exceedingly interesting. *The Thespian* will appear monthly at the price of sixpence.

About 500 guests responded to the invitation to luncheon at the Criterion Restaurant of General Sir Bindon Blood, G.C.B., and the Board of Directors of the Triplex Safety Glass Company. The invention, which is of French origin, is now manufactured by the English company. The glass is especially adapted for motor vehicles and, indeed, all vehicles where danger from splintered glass is probable. A series of demonstrations was carried out after the luncheon, which proved conclusively that what is claimed for the invention is incontrovertible. The glass will not splinter but will only star under the most severe tests, and thus the danger arising from cuts is obviated. The invention, which is no longer a secret process, is a method of welding together, under enormous hydraulic pressure, two sheets of glass with a thin sheet of xylonite enclosed between. In appearance and translucency there is nothing to show that the glass is not ordinary glass of the best quality. The secret of its success appears to be resiliency. The insurance companies are recognising the value of the invention by granting a considerable reduction in their rates. It is claimed that the glass is burglar proof, but we are not sure that acetylene apparatus would not conquer it.

The Valiant Dust

So long it is since first the eddying world
Spun for itself a being; ah, since then,
Into the sterile waste of darkness hurled
Have gone to dust so many goodly men.

So often through the seasonal wax and wane
From death to death by the strange gate of birth,
Strong men have slain each other and been slain,
And given their body's pride to the grey earth.

Under the plough there is not any clod
Cumbering in late March the fruitful ground,
But was the fleshly raiment of a god,
Whom the earth clips within its narrow bound.

The thin house-dust one lightly casts aside
Somehow distils the strength of armoured men
And fragrance of all beauty that has died;
This common dust that rides the wind again.

And like the soul that there inhabited,
No more beholds on heights far off the gleam
Where on the dim innumerable dead
Shines down the years the imperishable dream.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

The Uncrowded Hour

WITH awe and a limited admiration we have just been reading of the energy possessed by a "man of forty" whose hobby is the saving of odd minutes. While dressing in the morning, he learned by heart "all the four books of the 'Odes of Horace'"; in the time occupied in bathing and shaving he manages to accomplish feats of mental agility that most of us never do even in our leisure hours. He has learned leads at bridge, words and phrases of foreign languages, dates, and poems, and he is seriously considering the notion of committing to memory the multiplication table from "twelve times" to "twenty times." "It would not be difficult," he continues, "to suggest other matters of calculation which could be simplified in a similar way." One might, for instance, leap from bed and begin operations with one eye on the clock and the other on the differential calculus; take a bath with a book of chess problems propped up on the taps; shave in company with "Paradise Lost," and feel for the elusive collar-stud with one hand while holding a German grammar in the other. One might do all these

questionably praiseworthy things—and life would be a little duller than before.

We are not much in love with this feverish desire to pack every minute with learning; the man who can do it, boast about it, and blandly hold himself up as a shining example to others, must be not far removed from a bore. His progress through this world is a matter of exquisite order and symmetry, and is tremendously interesting—to himself. The occasional leisured periods of the day, those infrequent refreshing intervals when thoughts pass over the deep as white birds over a calmed sea, when the mind gives forth spontaneously, beautifully, bright unexpected treasures from its store, are not for him; he must be absorbing facts, memorising poems—surely he will never produce one!—and cramming his brain with all sorts of information in case some day it may be handy. The bare notion of sixty lost seconds shocks him unspeakably; he hears that terrible minute whirr past without its little bit of the multiplication table or its line of verse, without even the date of a battle attached to it, groans aloud at such deplorable waste, and turns, stricken with self-reproach, to overload the next fleeting speck of time with the words and figures that ride him like a nightmare.

The fact is, much harm has been done by this quite prevalent idea that every unoccupied moment is wasted, and that it is a crime to sit and dream awhile. To be always doing and never thinking is the greatest mistake in the world; those who have accomplished splendid things, who have done fine deeds in almost any sphere, from the arts to engineering and commerce, are aware that it pays to let the mind lie fallow, and that the memorable idea often comes when the brain ceases from planning and accepts the quiet hour as a grateful gift. We do not yet know from whence this fruitful idea arrives; it may be from within, from the mysterious, hidden alchemy of the sub-conscious processes of thought; it may be from without, from the equally mysterious visitation of some force dimly suspected, some "tendency not ourselves"; we do know, however, that it can be denied effect or admission by a too constant driving of the human machine. The source of what we term "inspiration" is one of the oldest problems of philosopher and psychologist; it comes and goes as the wind, is not to be cajoled, entreated, or commanded, cares not a whit for poverty or riches, whispers gently or burns as a fierce flame. But—and this is the matter of it all—it must have its chance. It flies affrighted and repelled from the harsh clamour of a mind bent on cramming every minute with a "useful" item of knowledge; and if it be that the mind itself is the origin of inspiration—which we doubt—then so much the worse; for such a ceaseless turmoil baffles thought; the soul builds its own dark prison.

It is well to be business-like; it is well to learn all we can; but let us keep our cherished moments of dreaming. For the man who is bent on crowding his mind with facts and figures is likely to crowd the angels out.

W. L. R.

The Love Story of James Wolfe*

THE love stories of great men have always a peculiar fascination for common mortals. Cupid is no respecter of persons, and he alone, whether he manages his business well or ill, makes the whole world one. A Nelson surrenders to him as readily as the man before the mast. When he does his work well, we have the ideal relationship of the Brownings; when he does it ill, he is responsible for the heartburnings of the Carlyles; and who shall say how many and in what proportions are the minor Nelsons, Brownings, and Carlyles living and moving, happy or miserable, under his never consistent, wholly unjudicial ægis? Of great men's love affairs we know enough, and more than enough. They may contribute to the *chronique scandaleuse*, or they may exemplify the beauty of which human relationship is capable, though less is heard of beauty, because nastiness has a knack of proclaiming itself denied to sweetness. There is no scandal associated with the name of James Wolfe, concerning whom every item of knowledge is treasured by those who would keep his memory green, alike for its own sake and for that of the country he served so well. Of the love story that assisted to make up the romance of his wonderful young life—he was only thirty-two when he was killed on the Heights of Abraham—very little is known.

He was called the Nelson of the Army, and we would give up quite a lot of what is known of the amours of less important and less romantic folk for a fuller knowledge as to his own. To attempt to embody the story in a novel at this period of time demands literary temerity or literary assurance of no mean order. Mr. Morice Gerard has essayed the difficult task: it is not entirely a new experiment, because Thackeray and lesser men incidentally turned Wolfe's engagement to Miss Lowther to account in order to lend the air of verisimilitude to fiction. On the whole, the impression Mr. Gerard leaves of Wolfe himself is not violently at variance with the view which those who think they know him best entertain of him. Perhaps the critical side of him—the divine discontent, or the grumpy dissatisfaction, according to one's prejudices—is hardly enough in evidence.

To judge a work of fiction by the canons of history may not be quite fair; imagination and a certain rearrangement in the order of events may be permissible and even necessary; least of all does it become one who is quoted as "the impartial historian" to challenge Mr. Gerard's concept of his story. He has, however, paid me the compliment of studying my life of Wolfe,† and I return the compliment by studying his novel. It is a minor point that he should have made "the final dispositions" for the descent on the Anse au Foulon, under cover of the night of September 11,

* *The Heart of a Hero*. By MORICE GERARD. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

† Pitman and Sons, 1909.

seeing that the battle was fought on the morning of the 13th; nor is it of material importance that he makes the boats drop down the river and encounter the challenge of the sentries before Wolfe has the interview with Jack Jervis and entrusts him with the portrait of Katharine Lowther, which he had worn next his heart throughout the siege. There are several slips of this sort, which spoil the reading for the man who knows, but they will not affect the ordinary novel reader who neither knows nor cares. Where I really feel that Mr. Gerard has failed is not in what he has given us, so much as in what he has not given us. He opens his story with Wolfe's first glimpse of Katharine Lowther, and there is nothing to suggest that Wolfe had ever had any other love story than that which is now introduced. Then, when we come to the events immediately preceding the last dramatic act, we find no mention of Gray's "Elegy." Wolfe's copy of the poem was given to him by Miss Lowther, and that copy, "so unexpectedly recovered," as Mr. Beckles Willson has said, a few months ago in Paris, bore the inscription, "From K. L. *Neptune*, at Sea." How one with Mr. Gerard's instinct for characterisation and dramatic touch could have overlooked his opportunities in these two respects is rather a puzzle. The absence of all reference to the "Elegy," which was, at least, as striking a link between two hearts separated by the Atlantic as the picture of Miss Lowther, is, indeed, an extraordinary oversight.

Wolfe, there is no question, had a weak spot in his lion heart for the ladies; he was as precocious in the affairs of Cupid as of Mars, and in his sixteenth year wrote to Miss Lacey from Flanders: "You have left me in a doubt that is hurtful to repose. Sure, it must never happen that a soldier is unhappy in his love." He was to discover shortly that he, a soldier of soldiers, could be most unhappy in his love. He became deeply attached to Miss Lawson, the niece of Sir John Mordaunt, to whom Mr. Gerard devotes a passage.

His mother opposed the match, and it was broken off. "Young flames," said Wolfe, still barely seventeen, "must be constantly fed, or they'll evaporate." In later years, when he saw Miss Lawson's picture on Mordaunt's dining-room wall, his equanimity was seriously disturbed. "But," he wrote, "time, the never-failing aid to distressed lovers, has made the semblance of her a pleasing but not a dangerous object. However, I find it best not to trust myself to the lady's eyes, or put confidence in airy resolutions of my own." Wolfe's sober views on the subject of marriage are on record: "The greatest consideration is woman's heart, education, and temper. Rank and fortune never can enter into competition with the person. Any bargain on that affair is base and mean." With such illuminating points of character in mind, one may read the love story of General Wolfe as presented by Mr. Gerard not with less but with more interest. My only astonishment is that he did not avail himself of them.

EDWARD SALMON.

REVIEWS

The Man who Lost America—I

Lord North, Second Earl of Guilford, K.G., 1732-1792. By REGINALD LUCAS. Two vols. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 21s. net.)

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

WHenever I cross the Atlantic, and the weather is too rough for me to be on deck, I amuse myself by going down to the library of the liner I happen to be on, seeking the American history books, and correcting in pencil in the margins the mis-statements of which they are full, as I am convinced the currency of these myths does more harm to the friendship between Great Britain and the United States than all the "lion's tail twistings" that sometimes precede a Presidential election.

This painstaking story of Lord North's life has given me many additional facts which will help me in my modest campaign; but I should like to say here to all interested in the subject that they ought to study a book that is too little known: "Myths and Facts of the American Revolution"—a commentary on United States history as it is written, by Mr. Arthur Johnson, published in 1908.

There is a school of thinkers who believe that the loss of our American colonies was a blessing in disguise, that we learnt a lesson then which we have never forgotten, and that, had we not learnt it, we should never have held for all these years the daughter **Dominions** which are our pride to-day. That may or may not be the case, but we are indebted to Mr. Lucas for putting before us so clearly how this melancholy and disastrous catastrophe came to pass. It is easy to be wise 140 years after the event, but it is well to learn the nature of the man who history has decided was chiefly responsible. We do not think there has been any previous attempt to write his life, although we get glimpses of him from Walpole, the Auckland journals, and the Chatham correspondence.

Mr. Lucas expressly states that he does not pretend that Lord North was one of the greatest of men—it would be absurd to do so. It was his fate to be confronted with difficulties too great for him to overcome. This is the tragedy of the book; and yet he was not one of the worthless and incapable Ministers who are found in our history, whilst in his private character there is much to attract and nothing to repel the student. To get a clear idea of the position we must understand that Great Britain at the time the biography commences was a small country, comparatively poor, and having nothing like the population it has to-day. For fifty years it had been ruled by a corrupt oligarchy of Whigs, and when George III came to the throne he

was full of youthful energy; his ambition was to rule his country wisely, and incidentally to break up the party which held all the power. He had the will and intention, but not the necessary knowledge, training, or education to succeed; he was narrow-minded and arbitrary, and had, as Mr. Lucas points out, just that tinge of lurking madness in his composition which drove him to such fatal lengths.

England had always been pugnacious, and had embroiled herself quite needlessly, as we see now, in Continental politics when it would have been wiser to have devoted all her energies to the preservation and extension of her empire. It is true that she had done much in this connection. Her colonies, like children, were hostages to fortune, and she had poured out blood and treasure in their defence. It must also be borne in mind that the rights and duties of the mother country to her colonies and dependencies were not understood as they are to-day. George III looked upon the New England States as he regarded Surrey or Sussex, with a right to govern them as he thought fit. It seemed to him and his Ministers that the time was rapidly arising when the taxpayers of this country should not bear all the burden and all the expense.

In 1778, Lord North told the House of Commons that taxation in England stood at twenty-five shillings *per capita*, whilst in America it was only sixpence. And here, perhaps, it is as well to state specifically that neither the Bute, Grenville, Chatham, Grafton, nor the North Ministries ever attempted, proposed, or premeditated a plan to tax the colonies for the benefit of Great Britain—that is to say, to raise a revenue in the colonies to defray any part of the expenses of the Government in Great Britain. They did propose to raise therein a stable, equitable, and duly proportioned revenue to be used for the partial defrayment of the expenses of their establishments and the cost of their protection from internal enemies and possible foreign invaders, thereby removing from the British taxpayers some part of the burden unjustly imposed upon them. It was a small part only, and, even if this plan had been carried out, the whole of the principal and interest of the National Debt, in large part accumulated for the benefit of the Colonies, as well as the whole cost of the navy that protected their commerce and guarded their ports, of which, therefore, the colonists should have helped to defray, would have remained on our shoulders.

The difficulty in the shape of our ever-growing Navy confronts us to-day, but we are approaching the question in quite a different way. The Dominions are seeing the justice of our cause, and are patriotically coming forward voluntarily and doing graciously and generously what we should never dream of demanding as a right.

That the men of those times were greatly to blame goes without saying. We had an obstinate King, a weak Minister and, according to Mr. Lucas, a general in Lord Howe who did not believe in the justice of the

war and fought reluctantly. We missed chance after chance, and never followed up our successes. In spite of what has been said to the contrary, it is clear that a very little more persistence would have turned the scale in our favour; but the author makes it equally clear that all the blame does not rest with us, and that George was not the tyrant and despot he is represented to be.

In my opinion, the American Colonies acted selfishly and foolishly, and a well-known statesman admitted to me one night, in a burst of confidence, that the colonists were not justified in what they did. The Seven Years' War had been fought and won; the French no longer troubled their borders; and the power of Britain was no longer needed to protect them, or acquire for them new territory; in fact, they thought they could do without us, and the colonial assemblies had not the slightest intention of raising a revenue.

George III grew impatient. Mr. Lucas, perhaps unwittingly, seems to give one the impression that in his earlier years the monarch was not unlike the present German Emperor when he first came to the throne, with nothing of his quickness in gauging the popular pulse or his genius for governing.

Lord North was a Minister exactly suited to his purpose, and during the years he was Prime Minister, from 1776 to 1782, he lived in closer intimacy and warmer favour with George III than any that came before or after him. What sort of man was he whom the King thus delighted to honour? That he must have been a man of considerable ability to have risen to the position he attained goes without saying. In a House full of really great men he held his own and dominated the House of Commons. He was popular in the House and out of it. He was evidently a first-rate debater and could score off his opponents with a ready wit which made him a formidable opponent. He appeared to the men of his own time a more clever man than he really was, whilst he never disguised from himself or the King his own limitations. He was indolent, sleepy, and diffident. To put the matter in a nutshell, he was forced into a position for which he knew he was totally unfitted, and yet had not the energy or the will to get out of it. He was always telling the King of his incapacity and trying to resign, but never succeeded in doing so. Irresolute and vacillating, he was about the worst man to have been at the head of affairs during the period under discussion. Like most weak men, he was obstinate when he should have yielded, and acquiesced when he should have stood firm. It was moral courage that he lacked—the fortitude that enables a man to decide swiftly and to act unflinchingly. He involuntarily shrank from responsibility and conflict, although, as is shown in several instances through the book, he was physically a brave man.

Having roughly sketched the times and the man, I must pause here, and in my next article describe the stirring events vividly portrayed in these fascinating volumes.

The Tournament of Song

Songs From Leinster. By W. M. LETTS. (Smith, Elder and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Beginnings. By ROGER HEATH. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.)

Verses. By K. M. H. S. (The Holywell Press, Oxford. 1s. net.)

Simon Dean, and Other Poems. By SANDYS WASON. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Green Days and Blue Days. By PATRICK R. CHALMERS. (Maunsell and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Elizabethan Voyagers, and Other Poems. By H. E. KENNEDY and C. MICHE. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Snow-Shoe Trail, and Other Poems. By ISAAC RUSLING PENNYPACKER. (Christopher Sower Co., Philadelphia.)

ERIN does not lack bards in these days, and so long as they are of the stamp of this Leinster singer there is room for them. Mr. Letts finds inspiration for song in the life of the people, and is faithfully Irish without high-flown pretensions. We record the fact, with a due sense of gratitude, that Deirdre and Cuchulain are never once mentioned. Instead, we have Dan O'Shee and the Widow Foy, Mary Connor and Peter Morrissey the slum urchin, interesting, substantial, human folk one and all. And there is a genuine note of understanding sympathy with their sorrows and sanctities, their quaint conceits and peculiar whimsies. Indeed, read one poem, and you will read on; all runs to the easy music of natural song, and they have that peculiar piquancy which we are accustomed to associate with the term "Irish." Witness the audacity of this simile:

The waves lep high like men at a fair,
Wicked old men with their silvery hair.

Of the two books hailing from Oxford, Mr. Roger Heath's leaves the better impression. His verse has remarkable finish and self-sufficiency, marked power of imagination and the added charm of happy form; for he has a keen ear for rhythm and a fancy for some very captivating metres, such as he employs in "The Great Bear" and "A Hymn to Music." Perhaps he may be shown to best advantage in the following sonnet:

Sometimes we go on a great enterprise
Sailing the seas of song, and sometimes climb
Through the low-lying mists of space and time
Into the ageless splendour of the skies.
But in a sonnet we look out and see
The level earth with staid and friendly eyes.
So none should cross its threshold but the wise,
Calm thinkers and good counsellors. And we
Should be ashamed to enter in unbidden,
Strayed revellers from the moonlit orchards, bringing
Rose-garlands and night air into a place
Where so much wisdom of the years is hidden,
Lest we should desecrate its nameless grace,
And mar its ancient dignity with singing.

That, at least, is not bad for a "Beginner."

The other Oxford volume is a curious production. "K. M. H. S." seems to feel very strongly about things, but what those things are—and what his emotions mean—it is by no means easy to decipher. Perhaps it is just the incoherent exuberance of youth at the first taste of life, which is a very beautiful thing, but needs management. Thus, he is highly excited about his "Ego," and talks familiarly to God; he likes to play with sensuousness, says a great deal about breasts and thighs and mouths, and sings on behalf of "The Woman" in a way that should make most women wish to box his ears. Immaturity is stamped on every page: in the restless inconsistencies of mood and style, ranging from lilies and languors and echoes of Rossetti to the absurd exaggerated Whitmanism just indicated; and in the tortured phrases and sentences, heavy with strained adjectives weirdly wedded to the noun. "Pointed eyes," "the portalled past," "proud stout pallid torrents of unfolded hair," are some of his affectations, and it would be refreshing to know what exactly he means by:

As one half-spent
With pondering on what thing to do
And weaving judgments with a warp
Of passionate instancy, I woo
The inclusive overdream of years
To come. . . .

We should not have spent all this time, however, on "K. M. H. S." did we not discern a promise of something better. The sonnets which occupy the first seven pages are every one fine possibilities ruined by extravagance and careless haste.

The chief merit of Mr. Sandys Wason's work lies in its colour and vividness of narration. The tale of the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste is stirringly told, and the "Ballad of the Sword" shows that he can successfully exemplify both the diction and the spirit of the old English ballad. We find him not altogether innocent of affectation, a little given to verbal preciosity; and the title-poem is marred by one or two execrable rhymes, as, for example:

. . . unbelievable and "grown-up" fancies,
Like Tidying up one's toys, or Washing Hands is.

A sonnet-translation called "The Bed" is well done, and one on "Edward the Seventh" is a degree above the usual thing of the kind.

It is not surprising that Mr. Chalmers's book has reached its second edition. For a jaded hour nothing could possibly be better: no tease of problematic thought, no tiresome vaporisings about abstractions; only the healthsome air of the countryside, the frisk and thousand comicalities of familiar animals, the gaiety of a good sportsman, and the infectious lilt of a springy measure. Mr. Chalmers is best of all when his subject has a smack of hounds or coverts or quiet river reaches. The "doggy" verses are all excellent, and since "The Little Foxes" took possession of our head we have been at the point of despair to drive them out:

So it's afternoon, and eight miles away
That beat, dead-weary and stiff with clay

A tired mask, set for a distant whin,
Is wheeled on Death with a brigand grin!
There by the paling, wet brush trailing,
Still he bares them his lips' long lines;
So die the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

Not a few of these pieces we recall from the pages of *Punch*.

"The Elizabethan Voyagers" is a university prize-poem, and as such is a respectable production. It purports to set forth the reflections of Captain Ralph Anson in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and it is not without spirit or poetic atmosphere. One or two short lyrics, which we take to be from the same hand, also have some merit; the rest is very pedestrian, in spite of strong reminders of Tennyson and F. W. H. Myers.

From the unconvincing tribe of American poetasters Mr. Pennypacker stands notably apart; yet it is one of his chief merits that he is, so far as his themes go, loyally and enthusiastically American. He knows and loves the rivers and hills, the trees and wild-folk of Maryland and New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and reveals a detailed acquaintance with American history. Particularly he is steeped in the stirring story of the Civil War, and his poem "Gettysburg" is a worthy contribution to the patriotic song of the States. It is even more satisfactory that a similar spirit characterises his descriptive pieces and readings of Nature. "The Snow-Shoe Trail" has all the crispness and resiliency of a clear winter morning, though in the opening stanzas the imagery and fancy are a trifle over-piled. The second half of this volume is taken up with a long narrative poem in several episodes, broken here and there by lyric numbers, which the writer of the introduction terms "Chaucerian." His warrant for this lies in the fact that the plan of the poem is the intercourse of a riding-party of eight friends—Sage, Farmer, Student, Historian and so forth. There are no tales, but the tenor of their conversation is social criticism. The difficult poetical demands of such a scheme are, on the whole, creditably fulfilled, the poet being helped by his vigorous style, his quick susceptibility to Nature and to history, and his gift of happy image. Mr. Pennypacker, whose work covers a period of rather more than twenty years, appears not to have lacked recognition at home, which, indeed, by these evidences, he deserves.

A Great Queen

The Court of Queen Christina of Sweden and the Later Adventures of the Queen in Exile. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net.)

QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN, only daughter of the redoubtable Gustavus Adolphus, "Lion of the North" and champion of the Protestant faith, was one of the most remarkable women of the seventeenth century. Strange it is, indeed, that the daughter of such a King, who shed his blood on the field of battle, fighting for his

faith and the freedom of Protestant Europe, should be succeeded by one who not only renounced the religion of her country and people, but the very throne her heroic father had occupied with so much honour and glory. Christina has been held up to ridicule for this self-abnegation and for wishing to live her own life according to the dictates of her conscience and her natural inclinations, which fitted her more for art and learning than diplomacy and state-craft; but the more we study this work by a student of remarkable women, the more our anger at Christina's apparent fickleness and levity changes into admiration for her astonishing moral courage, her contempt for public opinion—such as it was in her day—and her readiness to make every sacrifice to live the life she imagined the Almighty had intended for her in this world.

Whatever her frailties may have been, posterity must not forget that it was mainly owing to her steadfastness and ability that the treaty of Westphalia was signed in 1648, which made her country one of the most powerful in Europe, and put an end to the Thirty Years' War. When we remember that she managed this in defiance of some of the greatest statesmen in Europe, including her own Chancellor and her victorious Generals, for whom war was the breath of life, we cannot withhold our admiration. After bringing about this peace, securing her country great possessions, and ruling to the satisfaction of the majority of her subjects, Christina discarded power, pomp, and glory simply that she might devote herself to the study of the arts and to the consolation of the faith she had embraced in face of the opposition of her kindred and people. Charles V of Spain retired to a monastery when weary of life, but Queen Christina retired in the zenith of her glory, when all the scholars of Europe were singing her fame. Misrepresented both by Catholics, who made her out to be a paragon of all the virtues, and by Protestants, who have held her up first as a traitor to the true faith and then as a perverted monster of iniquity, we are only now able, thanks to the labours of Baron de Bildt and her present biographer, to do her justice. This account of Christina will be of peculiar interest to the women of our day; for she was above all others of her time "a modern woman." She has been described by her own countryman, Baron de Bildt, as "neurotic," "neuropathic" and "neurasthenic," but not in any unsympathetic sense. She was an enigma to her contemporaries but to those who have read Ibsen's dramas and familiarised themselves with the type our high schools and colleges are turning out by the dozen, will find in Christina no enigma, but simply a brilliantly gifted and abnormal woman.

When she reigned, Sweden, thanks to Gustavus Adolphus, was one of the greatest of European Powers. Sweden then owned not only its present territories, which are about as large as France, but the opposite shores of the Baltic, including Finland, the Baltic Provinces, Swedish Pomerania, and even settlements in North America. Such was the Empire Christina re-

nounced. She realised her dream, but it can hardly be said that she led the life of a saint. After turning the heads of the cardinals with her wit, vivacity and learning, her own vain head was subsequently turned by the handsome presence of Cardinal Count Azzolini, who, by many busybodies, was believed to have been her lover. But what will not busybodies aver of a young and gifted woman, who prefers the company of men to that of her own sex, who confessed her sins to the Bishops, "not with down-cast eyes, but boldly staring them in the face"! Despite her weaknesses and eccentricities, Queen Christina, who was every inch a ruler, also aspired to be considered a spinster Queen like "Good Queen Bess," whom, in some respects, she remarkably resembled. She was singularly honest in admitting that it was her sex alone that protected her from evil; for she states that "had she not been a girl the tendencies of her arduous and impetuous temper would have caused her to lead a shockingly disorderly life." This honesty on Christina's part—and there are many such confessions in this interesting work—tends to make the study of her character fascinating. She shocked the hypocrites of her day by her contempt of shams and her terrible outspokenness—in season and out of season. She was a veritable Goth in petticoats and delighted in smashing the make-believes that surrounded her.

Christina's aversion to marriage, like that of many women of our day, arose from an excessive mental development at the expense of her emotions and physique. Eventually Dame Nature, who had so long been flouted, took revenge. Her health broke down, and in order to restore the balance of her mind and body she had for a time to relinquish her manly sports and intellectual pursuits for the gaiety of Court life—to the great astonishment of those who could not understand the reason for her changed behaviour. Like many women who have the gift of celibacy, she disliked women and delighted in the society of the opposite sex. She became proficient in all manly and military sports, and even showed her "manliness" by swearing like a trooper, when she deemed the occasion required it. In appearance she was the image of her illustrious father and had the same broad brow, the same piercing gaze and aquiline nose. In after life, however, when she was free to do as she pleased, Christina proved herself very much of a woman in ways which this interesting work describes. The French Ambassador wrote with surprise: "She can converse in eleven languages!" She was deeply versed in philosophy, literature, arts and sciences, and could discuss on terms of equality with the leading scholars of her day. Her renunciation of the Lutheran faith, "because she could not be bored by the long sermons of preachers whom she considered intellectually her inferior," was a great blow to Protestant Europe. While the Catholics praised her to the skies and would willingly have made a saint of her, the Protestants regarded her as an ungrateful Jezebel. But Christina was neither; and even when she entered the fold of the Catholic Church her freedom frequently

gave great offence to the Pope, who in receiving this "amazon" into the Church had certainly taken over much more than he bargained for. Her abrogation of the throne she had so adorned caused sorrow to many who loved and admired her. But she preferred to give up the pleasures of her exalted position rather than to play the hypocrite and be false to herself.

The rest of her life—her struggles, her sorrows, and, *perhaps*, her amours, is described in this interesting work which in many respects is more fascinating than that of the same writer on Catherine II, who intellectually and morally was much inferior to Christina. Catherine did not rule herself in the same way, but with the help of a whole galaxy of brilliant men whom she collected round her. Christina was her own prime minister and would have been, had circumstances demanded it, the first to lead her armies to battle. As a rule the Swedish Queen was kindhearted and generous to a fault, but when inspired by revenge and fear she could be cruel, as was shown by her cold-blooded "execution" of the Marquis Monaldeschi, who betrayed her and blackened her character. Truly, as Madame de Monpensier described her, "she was a most extraordinary person!" She was more—she was the most extraordinary Queen of her day, and this being the case, we are under a debt of gratitude to Baron de Bildt and the author for the light they have thrown on one of the most enigmatical characters of the seventeenth century.

A Study of Jane Austen

Jane Austen. By FRANCIS WARRE CORNISH. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)

THE ever-increasing interest in Jane Austen must surely be counted to us for literary righteousness. Achieving a very small popularity among her contemporaries, she now claims a band of admirers—almost devotees—who, if they are not numbered by tens of thousands, are at any rate a numerous and select company. The growth of literary discrimination would form a fascinating topic for a separate study; many causes would be found to contribute to it; and foremost among those authors who have suffered from the lack of it in their own time would stand the name of Jane Austen. The middle-class life of her day, to which her novels should specially have appealed, was too coarse in fibre to be able to appreciate the fine touches, the dainty humour, and the delicate sarcasm of her work. An age which we believe to be less brutal, and certainly more intellectual, is honouring itself by paying her greater attention. The fact that, after the first complete edition of her works in 1833, there was no further edition till 1892, gives one food for reflection and wonder.

Thus it was inevitable that a series which has included such famous "English Men of Letters" as Fanny Burnley, Maria Edgeworth, and George Eliot, should take notice of Jane Austen. The work of Mr.

Warre Cornish is good average critical writing. The style is not specially inspired, and there are no sweeping enthusiasms to heighten its interest. Perhaps this was hardly to be expected with so "cool" a subject; for Jane Austen does not rouse the blood—she only tickles the palate. In the words of Mr. Cornish, she "does not deal in ardency." The arrangement of the book is simple, possibly too much so. The first chapter contains all the biography, in 54 pages; the second deals with the letters; the following eight outline the novels with an accompanying commentary of criticism; and there is a brief concluding summary of little more than four pages. We very much doubt the wisdom of giving such full outlines of the novels. To the Austen lover they will scarcely be necessary, only interesting him by their criticism, which may also occasionally irritate him; while to those unacquainted with Jane Austen they will seem merely tedious, lacking, as they do, the inimitable irony of their originals. A little more in the way of literary comparison and contrast would have been welcome, and would have won more worshippers than the somewhat pedestrian method of Mr. Cornish.

To several debated points, however, he makes a helpful contribution. There is the question, for instance, as to whether the nature of Miss Austen was a harsh one, or whether she was simply a lover of irony. Thus, after gathering together a number of passages which might almost be described as heartless, Mr. Cornish adds:

I do not defend these passages. I wish they had not been written. They show a want of reverence, perhaps a want of the finest sensibility. They do not argue a cynical or misanthropic spirit. . . . When these passages are gleaned together and set side by side, they make but a small detraction from the general impression of a kindly though caustic view of life. . . . I know no satirist or comedian into whose criticism of life less ill-nature enters.

When Mr. Cornish adduces further evidence to show that Miss Austen was sought for, and loved by, her numerous nephews and nieces in their childhood, we feel that he has convinced us of the essential kindliness of her nature.

On the matter of her religion Mr Cornish again steers a middle course, which seems at once the truest and safest method with so unemotional a nature as hers:

She was a spectator of life, not an enthusiast animated by celestial visions, nor a philanthropist burning to help humanity. If we are to draw a sharp line of division, and set on the left hand all those professing and practising Christians who do not attain to the standard of saintliness, she must go to the left, and be counted amongst Wesley's "almost Christians," among those whom Newman might set aside as pharisees or as publicans. But we do dishonour to the Creator if we hold that he rejects the service of all but ascetics, and takes no pleasure in the perpetual sacrifice of a life spent in making others happy, a sweet patience and a sunshiny nature, a temper which "did not need to be kept under control."

It would be hard, too, to improve, for justness and

truth, on Mr. Cornish's personal estimate of her character. "The general impression," he says, "which I gain from reading and re-reading Jane Austen's novels and what survives of her letters, as well as from the personal notices of her friends, is that of a happy and affectionate temperament, combined with an extraordinary insight into character and motives, a genius of laughter and light-hearted fun, and a half-pitying, half-amused perception of the purblind judgments, sordid aims, and mean actions of the generality."

Taken as a whole, this study is scarcely on a level with some of the more notable volumes in the same series. It will, however, prove a useful summary for the student, and for those to whom the larger biographies are not accessible. A list of the principal dates in Jane Austen's life and a genealogical table add to its value.

The Triple Crown

Is Ulster Right? By AN IRISHMAN. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

A PREVIOUS generation of Churchpeople—at least so the legend runs—used often to hear on Sundays of "philosophy falsely so called." This interesting product of the evolution of the erring human mind has, like the dodo, ceased to exist; or, if it survives, it has acquired another name and noxious traits different from those of the parent bird. But there is permanence in the type of history "falsely so called" as it is engendered in John Bull's other island. The volume before us is an example in point; it purports to contain a historical account of Ireland. The "history" is of the kind which reduces Home Rulers to inarticulate fury, just as the Nationalist version of Irish history reduces Ulstermen to a belief in violence and nothing but violence. The "Irishman" who answers the question "Is Ulster right?" brings forward an abundance of facts and gives copious references to documents whose authenticity and value are not in dispute. But the "history" is overwhelmed by the "atmosphere"; in truth, it is not history at all, but an epic—the Ulsterman's epic.

For this reason we especially commend it to English, Scottish, and Welsh readers. It is impossible for the denizen of the island on which the Irish spells have not been laid to understand the attitude of the two Irish communities to one another, unless he understands that each is animated by an epic most ingeniously wrought into verisimilitude, and believes the epic to be in essence true history. Inasmuch as the most pressing business of the British people is the solution of the Home Rule problem, it is very desirable that the British elector should have a sufficient knowledge of the epics with whose consequences he has to contend. An attempt to summarise either of them would be unjust to the long series of contributing poets and could not be confined within the limits of a review.

The British reader who studies an "Irishman's" answer to his own question will be confronted by a huge

shadow that lies, in the Ulsterman's vision, across Ireland, already touching Ulster and threatening to engulf her in the darkness. It is the shadow of the Irish Crown. For people on the east side of the Irish Sea it is difficult to understand the hatred and dread which this apprehended encroachment arouses in the Ulsterman's mind.

We have a tendency to avoid the religious question as it presents itself in Ireland, and one of the most useful purposes which "An Irishman's" book will serve will be the forcing upon British readers of the fact that this question determines the ground-plan of both Irish epics, dominates Irish politics to-day—from the background—and can no more be ignored than the difference between the green flag and the Union Jack. Social and industrial life in Britain is not likely to be seriously influenced by the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church as to the proper treatment of heretics individually and collectively. In Ireland it is otherwise. The ethics common to Western civilisation in our day preclude recourse to the stake and the rack, but other efficacious instruments are at the disposal of a resolute hierarchy supported by sedulously trained and exhorted disciples. And the Church has no regard for the common ethics of Western civilisation. Her doctrine does not change with the time, nor does her fiat, and her conception of duty and methods of policy are determined by her dogmas and decrees.

That is the gist of the Ulsterman's argument, and he reminds us of the record of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands and the exceptional honorific distinction which it secured for him at the source of the edicts which are as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This much most honest British readers will admit. They cannot name four counties in England, Wales, and Scotland which would consent to submit to the peculiar conditions which the community of the North-East of Ireland will be placed if the Home Rule Bill becomes an operative statute. That being so, is there not a taint of hypocrisy in the outcry of those who protest against the want of constitutional scruple shown by the Ulster resisters?

A Lost Essayist

Monologues. By RICHARD MIDDLETON. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

AS many of these essays have appeared in the columns of THE ACADEMY, their reissue in a collected form may be hailed as some acknowledgment of their merits, for all periodical literature is not similarly honoured. The author, apparently, from his introductory chapter, was disposed to class his work as journalism, and bad journalism at that, because of the limitations to which his work was subject, whereas "in their essence," he says, "essays—I cling to my restricted sense of the word—ignore time and even negate it." "Perhaps the perfect essay would take exactly a life-time to write and exactly a life-time to comprehend." After all, the sub-

jects, matter, and style of the papers are more important than the name. A glance at the contents will show that poets are dealt with in five papers, while dreams and dreaming come next, with three in number. He suggests that "it is sometimes pleasant, when the facts of life begin to annoy us, to remember that we are only dreamers in a world of dreams."

His atmosphere was, at least in some of the papers, imbued with poetry. As a poet, he broke a lance with the late Laureate, and the latter's "Canons of Art," when Mr. Alfred Austin wrote as a critic and not as a poet. Middleton had no love for the critics, and offered his own list of aphorisms "to hang by the bedside of critics of poetry"; the last is that "Bad poetry is not nearly so harmful as bad criticism of poetry." But if he deals more with poets and dreams than other topics, he has plenty to say about the practical side of life. He is strong in observation, introspection, and pointedness of expression, as anyone should be who aims at interpreting in print the phenomena of life. A current of humour runs through the pages; he gives the impression, sometimes, of not desiring to be taken too seriously. The meaning is, again, liable to be obscured by the thought, and it is not always easy to follow the line of argument. In other words, the papers, to be properly understood, require repeated reading and reflection. In discussing "The Verdict of Posterity," he cannot see what will induce posterity to read the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw. The reader cannot help feeling that Middleton was deliberately advancing a paradox in suggesting "the virtues of getting drunk" as a remedy for staleness, as a means of winning a new brain. On the decadence of England Middleton is severe, deservedly so: "The decay of the patriotic ideal is serious enough in itself, but it becomes even more significant if we regard it merely as one particular manifestation of a general decay. The present-day Englishman is afraid of the big thought, the big emotion, the big love." Such essays not only contain thoughts full of weight, but they are valuable as inspiring a practice of thinking. Such writers can ill be spared.

The Psychic Analysis of an Artist

The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray. By NATHANIEL WRIGHT STEPHENSON. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.)

THERE can be few more delightful undertakings for a literary man than to write a biography of Thackeray. After reading this book we have come to think that Professor Stephenson, like many another, has had this inclination, but has been restrained, unlike some others, by Thackeray's expressed desire that no such book should be published. We hold that this determination not to be written about was but the whim of a moment and that the great writer himself would in no way be offended by such works on his life as have appeared. But Mr. Stephenson has chosen a better method than

that of again recording the incidents of a life which we all know pretty well. Even in a material age, it is the spirit of the people we love that matters; the rest may interest us for the moment, but passes in a moment.

Thus if, in reality, Thackeray objected to his biography being given to the world, he might have been even more perturbed that the spiritual drama of his life should be spread before us. It is a much more intimate set of circumstances, a much more important and engaging. Whether the author of so enthralling a series of works wished it or no, it was certain to come. For the admirers of Thackeray are his devoted psychic friends, and we have all, in our time, deduced the particular Thackeray we loved from his written word for our own private pleasure, although we have not been enabled to do it so clearly or scientifically as has Professor Stephenson. Although he had passed long before we knew his works, his method was often so candid, and his mask, when he chose to wear one, so delicately transparent that he permits us to know the man without reserve, however reticent he may appear to those who are disinclined to sympathy and that still warmer feeling that a great master of his art invariably produces.

Mr. Stephenson clearly states his aim as being that of giving just so much of the career of Thackeray as is needed to explain the novels and to extract from the novels their true biographical significance. He is by no means in sympathy with that part of the life-work which he considers Thackeray's first manner, ending, as he thinks, with the publication of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." He is no friend of sentimentality; he deprecates as unmanly the famous conclusion of what is now, we suppose, Thackeray's most popular book: "Ah! *Vanitas vanitatum!* which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied? . . ." He would not appreciate the spirit of such lines, written much later, as these:—

O vanity of vanities!

How wayward the decrees of Fate are!

How very weak the very wise,

How very small the very great are!

The professor's theme is rather the development of the genius of Thackeray from that of moderately philosophical despair and humorous abnegation towards that beauty of thought and feeling which, for us at least, is shown most fully in the delightful work on a world he knew so well, "The Newcomes." Such spiritual adventures as its author may have undergone are clearly set forth by Mr. Stephenson, and we are taken step by step through all the novels, and begged to note each change of manner, each divergence or happier mental attitude.

No student of Thackeray will always agree with the writer of "The Spiritual Drama," but all will recognise his sincerity and critical acumen, his insight and his agreeable manner of stating his case.

Those who have been devoted readers of Thackeray all their lives may not find much that is new in the

present volume, but they will chance upon pleasant contradictions of Mr. Whibley and some other adverse critics, some fine appreciations, and many well-stated definitions. He even attempts to form a word-picture of true Thackerayan humour. "Its surprises are not inconsequent," he says. "What makes us smile is not the sudden capering of ideas, but rather an unforeseen bathing of them in strange light. One is forced back upon the hackneyed similitude of the sunshine rifling through clouds. But like a certain sort of actual sunshine—whose peculiar brilliancy, the gift of unfallen rain, has in it something wistful, something prophetic of its end—so the sunshine of Thackeray's humour glimmers across unshed tears." The present reader will see how earnestly Professor Stephenson approaches his subject. It is possible that he may be considered a trifle laboured from time to time, but as a whole the book will be found admirable and true, a certain source of pleasure to all lovers of the works of Thackeray.

E. M.

Recent Theology

God's Future: The Religious Relations of Man to the Universe. By G. H. HARROP. (A. H. Stockwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Our Ideals, and Other Sermons. By the REV. VIVIAN R. LENNARD, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Service of the King. Addresses to Men by A. DEBENHAM. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

Divine Love in Sickness: A Collection of Devout Thoughts in Prose and Poetry. Selected and arranged by LILIAN STREET. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

The Marden Manuals for the Graded Sunday School. By the REV. R. E. JOHNSTON. (Mowbray and Co.)

The New Testament. The Authorised Version. Corrected by the RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD CLARK, K.C. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

"GOD'S FUTURE" seems a slightly presumptuous title for a book which chiefly consists of a general survey of the present position of the religions of the world. It is true that here and there may be found some speculations as to the possible future of religion; but for the most part they are rather vague. It does not take us very far to say that "the Church of the future will be the one which proves itself most worthy of gratitude—the one which men are least inclined to lose." Probably the author's idea of a new Church would be found in an eclectic compound of all religions freed from any theological teaching. There is a good deal of rambling and discursive writing in these well-meaning essays, but the chapters on Eastern religions are certainly interesting.

"Our Ideals" is a volume of useful addresses to men, written in simple style. The subjects chosen—for example, Cowardice, Ability, Fashion, Influence,

Independence, Ambition—deal with practical life and conduct, and are designed with a view to the guidance of a manly and Christian character.

In "The Service of the King" we have yet another series of sermons primarily addressed to soldiers and sailors, but suitable generally for working men. They are based on the seasons of the Church, and are enriched with excellent practical illustrations mainly drawn from naval and military life. There is a vigorous, straightforward tone in these addresses which should commend them to men.

The Report on Religious Education of the Lambeth Conference of 1908 says that "we have great need to strengthen our Sunday School system." No doubt the Conference was moved by Miss Lee's striking book on "The Reformed Sunday School." In our larger parishes great efforts are now being made in this direction. Hence there is an increased demand for improved books to aid the teachers. Among these the Marden Manuals bid fair to take a high place. They are divided into six grades, and have been compiled with elaborate care. An important feature is the provision of pictures to accompany each manual, some large enough to exhibit to a whole class, others small for distribution among the scholars. The real difficulty, however, lies, not in the production of manuals, but in getting the voluntary teachers to use them in effective self-preparation for their important work.

The beautifully printed volume of "The New Testament" completes the work which Sir Edward Clark began, when he published his personal version of S. Paul's Epistles. We have no doubt it will appeal to many other laymen who give valuable help in their parish churches. We have collated several passages with the Revised Version of 1881, and are inclined to agree with the author's own expectation that his expression and diction possess some balance of advantage. At the same time both these revisions are far inferior to the Authorised Version in true literary expression of the English language. Although Sir Edward Clark's corrections are not made for scholars, there are constant unnecessary deviations from the accurate texts of the original Greek.

Colour-books are the special province, as usual, of Messrs. A. and C. Black this season. "Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France," painted by Lawrence Saint and described by Hugh Arnold (25s. net); "The Banks of the Nile," by Ella du Cane and Professor J. A. Todd (20s. net); and "The Dolomites," by E. H. Compton and R. Farrer (7s. 6d. net), are three representative volumes. The "Peeps" series—"peeps" at various countries and people—has some new additions at the usual figure of 1s. 6d., and there is a new volume in the Guild Text-Book series: "The Bible in the Light of Antiquity," by Rev. W. Cruickshank, B.D., at 6d. Some excellent medical handbooks are announced, and the fifth edition of the "History of Socialism," by T. Kirkup, at 5s. net.

Shorter Reviews

The Wonders of Wireless Telegraphy. By J. A. FLEMING, D.Sc., F.R.S. (S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d. net.)

MOST people have a vague idea of the methods by which messages in the Morse code are sent, without the wires which used to be considered necessary for the transmission of electric currents, for distances of one or two thousand miles; but few have the slightest comprehension of the intricacies of calculation, the extreme delicacy of the instruments, and the continuous experiment and investigation which at last brought success. Eighteen years ago the young Marconi was busy at his first trials; in 1897, on Salisbury Plain, he gave demonstrations over a distance of eight miles before representatives of the Navy and Army; in 1899 he bridged the Channel by wireless messages, and in the autumn of that year three ships of our Reserve Squadron in the manoeuvres were equipped with his apparatus. By the end of the year wireless telegraphy was assured of success; it was recognised that the civilised world had a means of saving life—to take one of its prime qualities—which had never been known or dreamed of before. And now, we all know how tremendous is the value of this discovery.

It is a discovery, as Mr. Fleming shows, due to the patient and tireless researches of an army of scientists and helpers. Very carefully, and very lucidly, he explains in this admirable little treatise the progress of the machinery by which these wonderful results are attained. To anyone of a scientific turn of mind the book is hardly less than enthralling; it is a little "stiff," perhaps, for young people; on a few pages the explanations need a knowledge of science and its vocabulary rather deeper than the average boy possesses. Nevertheless, we praise it highly, and would recommend it to all who wish for a fine review of the art of wireless telegraphy from its inception—an art which the author himself has borne no undistinguished part in developing.

A Tarpaulin Muster. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

TWENTY-THREE out of these twenty-four short sketches have appeared before, in various periodicals, and to most readers a few of them will be familiar, even though they did not see the first edition of the book four years ago. The stories of sailor-men, of queer people met in queer places, the descriptions of subtle feelings and impressions, of grey days and bright days, are all written in a style which makes us wish heartily that Mr. Masefield had kept to prose after the salt-water songs of a few years back. He is an artist in words, although he overworks a few favourite expressions; for instance, his sailors "shamble" far too many times in the course of these stories. We have enjoyed reading this book again, for some of the phrases and some of the incidents are memorable.

The Book of Martha. By the Hon. Mrs. DOWDALL. With a Frontispiece by AUGUSTUS JOHN. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

MRS. DOWDALL has written a very amusing book which bears throughout its pages the imprint of experience. As Martha she discourses knowingly of those perpetual household worries the cook, the housemaid, the charwoman, the butler, and the lady's maid, and last, but not least, the tradespeople. Her shopping experiences are true to the life, as are the other essays making up the volume. They are every one of them short and crisp, and taken all in all "The Book of Martha" is written in that lighter vein which makes for the gaiety of nations, that will raise a smile from every tear.

Fiction

A Sociological Novel

The Coryston Family. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

"IF I'm anything I'm a sociologist, and my business is to make experiments," says Herbert Coryston, the eldest son of the Coryston family; and in that is the keynote of the book. All these people are either conscious or unconscious sociologists, making experiments which result mainly in detriment to the objects experimented on.

The fact that the author virtually takes first place among the women writers of to-day on social questions, and her sane and practicable conception of a woman's place in the modern scheme of things, render every page of her writing worthy of thought, and in this volume she has given us a multitude of problems and solutions. The attitude of Catholicism and the attitude of social reformers towards divorce; the conflicting aims of Conservatism and Radicalism (in the widest sense of the two terms); the attempt on the part of a parent to shape the lives of children who would fain cut the apron-strings—in brief, almost every aspect of the unending conflict between old and new is here set forth, and the dominant note in each chord is woman's place. Old Lady Coryston, by far the strongest personage in the book, tries to shackle her eldest and youngest sons to a rigid, definite Toryism. As a result, the former broke away to blatant Socialism, while the youngest son fell in love with a John Burnesque young lady and almost cursed his mother when she upset his love-making. Lady Coryston, in spite of her strength and cleverness, lies at the end a disappointed old woman.

"Why didn't you *love* us! It was always politics—politics! Somebody to be attacked—somebody to be scored off—somebody to be squared. And a lot of stupid talk that bored us all. My poor father was as sick of it as we were." With such words as these

the younger son turns his back on his mother, and his angry outburst, taken as a whole, forms one of the best arguments against the folly of women who want other than the place for which their better, softer qualities fit them.

As for the fight between Catholicism and Socialism, Newbury—another strong bigot of the book—sums it up in a phrase or two. "It would be the same with us," he says, speaking for Catholicism, "if we had the upper hand; as you have now. Neither of us can destroy the other. We stand face to face—we shall stand face to face—while the world lasts."

The book ends rather weakly, and all that it proves definitely is the futility of women—even strong, clever women—in politics, for they should be complementary to man, and not his opponent. It is good, in these days of hysteria on sex subjects and the everlasting prodding at unclean things which wears "realism" as an alias, to read such a sound, strong exposition of woman by a woman; for in spite of its weak ending the book is a well reasoned, stirring study of the value to the State and herself of a woman who had more power than if she had been given the "vote," and who used that power to find in the end that womanly things are of more profit to her sex.

The Children of the Sea. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.
(Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)

A BIG cable ship rolling on a long ocean swell off the coast of Japan is a curious setting for the opening of the latest romance of Mr. Stacpoole, but it is an interesting one and a novelty. Linked with the ship's mission of finding and repairing a fault in a submarine cable is the story of one of her crew, who, harking from Northern climes, has a warm and impulsive heart. Daring in his dangerous work, he is equally daring in his love affairs, and, hearing of villages on the Japanese shore where the women are the masters and do men's work, and the men do all the women's work, staying at home minding the children, doing the cooking and washing, and being spanked by the women if they misbehave—an ideal place, by the way, for the deportation of militant suffragettes—our six-foot-four Scandinavian lands, spans and kisses one of the ladies, and continues the chase of the dusky beauty.

Later, the scene shifts to Iceland—a striking contrast—and we are given a vivid description (the author's strong point) of Iceland, its loneliness and isolation, its ghostly scenery and traditions, its people, as in all the world East and West, subject to human passions, but with a strong poetic strain. Our hero is apparently on the verge of possessing all that can make life enjoyable—and he has worked hard to this end—when a catastrophe happens. What it is it would be unfair to the skilled writer of the book to suggest, but it is a strong story and refreshing to read after the many weak-backed efforts of modern novelists. Many readers

may think that the punishment does not fit the crime—if crime it was—but any criticism on this head does not detract from the interest of the book as a drama of human life.

The Victims. By GEORGE WILLOUGHBY. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

THE author of this book, whose pseudonym is ineffective by reason of his mannerisms, produced a volume of short stories earlier in the year, some of which were noteworthy for an insight almost commensurate with the skill with which they were written. That skill is evident in a marked degree in "The Victims," which tells how Bianca Harlow, victim of circumstance, loses her lover, gives herself to a man for whom she cared nothing, and—that is all. Yet the "all" is a fine piece of work, if one overlooks the utter worthlessness of the material. Bianca, certainly, is a rather arresting figure, compounded, one might surmise, of two or more personalities. The remainder of the characters, however, are scarcely worth writing about. Ralph Powis is a self-seeking weakling, Carson a cad, and the rest simply do not count.

The author pictures the suburban drabness of Muswell Hill and Alexandra Park with the fidelity of experience, and in describing a certain Chelsea set—that set which flatters itself on the possession of the artistic temperament and never does anything else worth mentioning—his cleverness is fully evident. After careful reading, however, one lays the book aside with a sense that its story is very small: these are oddly ineffective lives, and the people who lived them are scarcely worth all this trouble—they are purposeless, and contact with them leaves a sense of need for a moral bath, together with fresh air and open country to restore one to the sane world of purpose and clean pleasure. It is a witty book, rather insanitarily clever, with flashes of sound, honest feeling striking out at times from a reek of beer-fumes, tobacco-smoke, and not too delicate conversation in over-heated rooms. This, possibly, is the Bohemia that never was; but, if that is so, we prefer the Bohemia that is to such tawdry brilliance as shines here. If ever a Bianca fell among such caricatures of manhood as these, it is small wonder that she became a victim of circumstance.

Lords' Men of Littlebourne. By JAMES CHAPMAN ANDREWS. Illustrated. (George G. Harrap and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE have seldom read an historical story with greater pleasure and interest than this picture of villein life in the fourteenth century. It deals with the days of Edward III, the Black Prince, and Richard II, and is evidence of much painstaking research on the part of the author, who depicts in a masterly manner, and a pleasing quaint style all his own, English life in feudal times. Littlebourne is a Kentish manor about three miles from

Canterbury on the Sandwich road. Mr. Andrews describes minutely the daily life of the downtrodden serfs, their wretched dwellings built of osier and plastered mud, their coarse fare, and their hard servage. Among historical events we have a graphic picture of the coming of the Black Death to Littlebourne. Others are capital accounts of the Battle of Crécy, and the Peasants' Revolt under Wat Tyler and John Ball. In connection with the latter Mr. Andrews describes Profligate Piers as writing on scraps of paper. This is an unfortunate slip in a book otherwise so accurate. Paper was first made in England in 1580, and though it was introduced into Spain by the Moors about the twelfth century, it is extremely unlikely that a Kentish peasant should have become possessed of such a valuable commodity as paper must have been in the days of Richard II. The illustrations and the small sketch maps and plans add considerably to the interest of this account of the lives of some of our ancestors.

Shorter Notices

"FASCINATION," by Cecil Champain Lowis (John Lane. 6s.) is, in many respects, a remarkable novel, and Mr. Lowis has succeeded admirably in introducing an atmosphere of Eastern mysticism into every-day life by means of a touch which is convincing and artistic. The plot unravels itself in Burmah, and we feel here that the local colour is accurate, and that we are being led across the Eastern landscape by a sure and experienced guide. For all that, the chief merit of the book lies in its action, and the study of that extraordinarily fascinating—and, may one say it?—female woman, Mrs. Caversham, is quite notable. Indeed, the rivalry between this European lady and the humble Burmese snake-charmer, equally alluring in her own fashion, affords the keynote of a most unusual and engrossing book. Mr. Lowis, moreover, has the gift of dealing with the unexpected, and the conclusion of his book, although none could have foreseen it, is eminently fitting.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's latest work, "The Open Road" (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.), is of the slashing, rollicking type, in which men go out to battle and fight duels with light laughter and gay smiles; nor do their features alter no matter how many times in a single week they are called upon to engage with their fellow-men, and however great may be the perils in which they are placed. Indeed, there is no doubt that Sir Jonathan Standish, who plays the chief part in these stirring pages, is a being of charmed life. After a while even his most persistent enemies apparently reconciled themselves to this, and gave up the idea finally of attempting to slay him, thus leaving him gay and debonnaire as ever, eventually to win the maiden who loves him despite the sallies which emanate from her sprightly and occasionally stinging tongue. The book, of its kind,

is undoubtedly successful, for the incidents and characters move with a swing.

The sub-title of "Laddie" (John Murray. 6s.), a "Story of Love and Trial," suffices to give an index to the nature of its contents. But with the name of Gene Stratton-Porter on the cover such an index is scarcely necessary, since the work of this talented American is indeed no new thing, and its influence has permeated far and wide. Undoubtedly vigour, faith, and the triumph of right are the watchwords of the author, and for healthy, straightforward, and romantic action they are not to be surpassed. Here we have an idyll of an American farm, where the birds sing and the cows come home; men love—and so do women—and children get into mischief, all in the most natural and convincing way. It is a delightful farm—this of Gene Stratton-Porter—and there are many who will roam beneath its trees through the medium of these pages.

In "The Lanchester Tradition" (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.), Mr. Bradley has told in the form of fiction the whole story of the bitter fight between two factions; on the one hand the party calling itself conservative, and holding out for the traditionary régime of an imaginary golden age, on the other the party under a young and strong headmaster who stands for progress. In the end progress usually wins, as it does in the "Lanchester Tradition." Mr. Bradley clearly puts before the reader in a charming manner the whole of the possible issues of the battle that is being fought against the stagnation which has such strong hold over the place. To be precise, the book expresses an excellent and colossal allegory which is very plain to the understanding. If read for the sake of the story alone, it is well worth getting, but if the deeper and hidden meaning of it is sought for, then Mr. Bradley's book becomes almost irresistible.

That "the importance of actual paternity was over-rated" was a curious conclusion for any man of mature judgment to reach. Yet according to "Subsoil," by Charles Marriott (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.), Sutherland, artist and thinker, reached it in his friendship with Loveday Rosewell, after finding that he could not marry the other woman whom he wanted. Loveday's view of him is summed up in "There are men that no woman ought to have. You are one." And "we must either lose ourselves in you, or keep you at a distance." Odd conclusions, these, to stand as the chief results of setting and solving a problem, but then the characters depicted here are rather advanced, unlikeable people. Such sentences as "The writer had fixed in phrases the mood, obscurely and imperceptibly formed, like a headache, that Sutherland had been keeping at bay for some time," and "her mouth was rather large, and it gained in piquancy by looking the accent that, except for a crispness of the consonants, was absent from her speech," suggest that the author has been taking large helpings of Meredith with Browning as sauce—and the meal is still undigested. Mr. Marriott has given us far

better work than this, and we look for a return, in his next work, to his earlier style.

The "Gold Lace" of the story by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), resolves itself into officers' uniform. And "They go into the houses, they meet the girls in the girls' own homes; but nobody knows, or seems to think it necessary to know, anything about *them*, except that they wear a red or a blue coat. That's enough; they may do what they like with the daughters." Thus Rhoda Henry, the heroine, gives the keynote of the story, which conveys a protest against the uselessness of the lives lived by these girls, who do not marry, but simply form material for amusement for the military and naval officers who come and go in the two towns. It is a protest that might be taken to heart in many other towns than these two Irish places, and very skilfully is the moral pointed—that it lies in the hands of the girls themselves to remedy the evil by raising their own standard, holding themselves less cheaply. Of actual story there is sufficient to hold the reader from beginning to end. Although this is a book with a purpose, it is excellent fiction as well; and there is food for thought in these sentences: "What women are is what matters to men; what men do is what matters to women"; and "It was proof of high intelligence to use defeat." We may find such incisively stated truths as these on nearly every page, and we can recommend the book as a fine, clean story, well written and thoroughly interesting.

Some New French Books

FRIENDSHIP has generally been considered by all authors, philosophers, or just ordinary persons who have taken pains to reflect about it, the best possible method of encouraging virtue. For many novelists, however, it appeared too commonplace as represented by the moralists, too "goody-goody"—not original enough. The theme was shunned as being desperately *bourgeois*. But a young French authoress, Mme. Aurel, whose talent is as undeniable as her beauty, has undertaken to rehabilitate friendship in the eyes of those who considered it a rather *popote* acquirement. And she has done so very ingeniously, very ably; she has simply transformed the calm, peace-giving friendship of yore into a passion. Of course, it has immediately become "quite the thing," and the practice of friendship will soon be quite as much a rage as that of dancing the tango is at the present moment.

The author believes that women are specially well fitted to practise this passion, for "Friendship is the passion of the wise; that is to say, of women." A little farther we find this fine remark, which we give in the original to leave all its savour: "Pour reposer la pauvre humanité il lui faut tout l'amour caché dans l'amitié."

Her book, "La Semaine d'Amour" (Mercure de France, 3 fr. 50), of which the pretentious preface is to

be regretted, contains much advice which she generously distributes to men and to women. She wishes them, like the ineffable Roosevelt, to be strenuous, and declares that, in general, Frenchmen lack "a good manual profession which regulates strength and counsels modesty." We should say, from many remarks noted here and there, that the authoress might perhaps practise happily manual labour herself if it could cure her of a rather excessive vanity. She holds that women can exercise the best of influence over men, if they will content themselves with being "real women"—she abhors those *incomprises* whose little souls are, in spite of their opinion, so easily understood, and she protests ardently against those *oies sans blancheur* who leave their husbands after a year of matrimony, pretending that they cannot "get on," when an experience of several years is necessary between husband and wife to come to the conclusion that they always could have understood each other perfectly!

A critic once said that Mme. Aurel handles in secret the lyre of the poet, but wears in public the mantle of the philosopher. This is true, with a certain exaggeration; we should say, rather, that in public she carries the looking-glass of the pretty woman—gazing complacently at her image, in the right side, and turning the deforming side of the mirror so as to reflect the defects or errors of her inferior brothers and sisters! However, she is certainly one of the interesting figures amongst modern French women-writers, though at times the *préciosité* of her style renders the thought she wishes to express rather obscure.

Mme. Colette Willy has acquired a most varied experience of all kinds and conditions of men. Having long been an applauded *mime*, life behind the scenes is familiar to her. She possesses a remarkable gift of sympathy, keen observation, and a very real talent. Her choice of epithets is vigorous, yet of a sobriety quite extraordinary. Her latest book, "L'Envers du Music Hall" (Flammariion, 3 fr. 50), is a collection of sketches of the life of actors, and particularly of music-hall artistes. As she herself participated in that life for many years, we may presume her descriptions true. The picture she draws is the reverse of gay: it is painfully sordid. All the puppets which pass, prancing, dancing, singing or grimacing before the amused gaze of an apoplectic public, suddenly resume their real expression as they pass into the wings. The transition is startling.

Among many entertaining chapters we noted especially the one called "La Halte," describing the discomfort and oppression which seize the members of a dramatic company on tour whilst waiting for the hour of their train in a beautiful park. The splendour and peace of the leafy vistas, the balmy air, are unfamiliar sensations to the poor nomads touring from town to town, used to the glare of footlights and the suspicious odours of fifth-rate hotels. And "we flee from the fine park, the silence and peace, the solitude, of which we are unworthy; we run towards the hotel, the stuffy *loge*, the blinding footlights. We run hastily, chattering

with poultry-like cries, towards the illusion of living, and of not thinking. And we all strive to believe that we carry with us neither regret, remorse, nor remembrance. . . ."

M. Marcel Prévost, of the Académie Française, has been profoundly alarmed by the great social danger which results from the introduction of foreign governesses into French families. Fired with the desire of revealing to his compatriots the peril in which they thus unwittingly place their children, and themselves, he has written for the warning of French parents a book, "*Les Anges Gardiens*" (Lemerre, 3 fr. 50), in which he eloquently and lengthily gives his point of view. We must, however, remember that this book was first published in serial form—which fact covers a multitude of lines! He represents in his novel a most edifying set of "guardian angels." Rosalie runs away with the father of her pupils; Mag, the stately German, uses the particular influence she has over the father of her pupil—Croze, the middle-aged secretary of state—to do a little "espionnage on her own account"; Sandra, the irresistible Italian, almost succeeds in awaking the interest of an effeminate man in womankind; and Fanny, the English "Miss," simply inveigles her charge, a rich heiress, in order to capture her fortune. And we must not forget that all English, German, Italian, Polish, Swedish, or Spanish governesses are just as diabolically dangerous, seductive, and irresistible! We shudder to think of it. "*Anges Gardiens*" is decidedly a very amusing book, for it is refreshing to find a member of the Académie Française so deliciously, so exquisitely, naïf.

MARC LOGE.

In Fiord-Land—VII

BY W. H. KOEBEL

WE are reposing at Norheimsund after our comparatively rapid flight. If we are birds, this place is covered with sticky lime, and our claws are fast in it. The spot, in fact, is infinitely reposeful. Moreover, it is very beautiful. From the balconies attached to our bedrooms we gaze out over a scene which should satisfy the greatest glutton in the way of landscape. First there are the trees and flowers of the hotel garden, then the shining waters of the fiord, after which rises the opposite shore, quite near-by, for Norheimsund is situated at the very end of the particular inlet on which it borders. On all sides but one, then, the shore itself and the lower hills are dotted with the picturesque, balconied, wooden houses, while as a background to the whole stand the mountains, forest turf, and rock alternating on their sides, with a gleaming patch of snow here and there above.

On the fourth side the waters of the fiord, broken by an island in the near centre, stretch themselves until they become lost in the purple slopes of a distant range, a range that supports a vast field of snow, a great white

sheet spread on high between the blue sky and the purple of the mountains.

Near at hand are little fields and green slopes, miniature patches of corn, and tiny orchards. There are, moreover, wooded paths, fairylike coves and beaches, and here and there a plashing waterfall. But we are going too fast. Before launching out among all these more distant objects it is necessary to become at home in the hotel.

It is no lengthy process, this. After a day or two we feel as though we had been born and bred in Norheimsund, and after a week we find it hard to believe that we have ever left the shores of this Hardanger Fiord even for a day! Those *stolkjaerres*, it appears, have shot us into a soft place, which has turned out a perfect fit for our temperamental contours!

But enough of this metaphor. It is advisable at times to revert to such annoying necessities as details. Let me explain from the outset that Norheimsund was no cosmopolitan centre. It is true that the proprietor, the porter, and some of the servants spoke English. Nevertheless, so far as the actual hotel business was concerned, they would have lost little had they foregone this advantage. A couple of Englishmen were here for a day or so after our advent, it is true; experienced Norwegian travellers of many years' standing, these. But after their departure no more arrived, and we found ourselves alone among the Norwegians.

As a matter of fact, this hotel at Norheimsund is essentially Norwegian. That we were waited on by girls in the brilliant local costume did not necessarily mean anything, we very soon discovered, since a number of the regular cosmopolitan establishments were given to indulge in this same pleasant weakness. But here in Norheimsund the custom was at all events rational, and entirely appropriate.

We were among Scandinavians. Hotel guests, servants, villagers, and boatmen, we were surrounded on all sides by folk whose hair represented some shade or other of gold. Scarcely had we arrived when the soldier gazed with all his eyes at the wonderfully burnished heads of hair of a group of girls in the neighbourhood.

"If," he said regretfully, "I had all the sovereigns that could be coined out of all the locks *héreabouts*, I'd give the Sudan a miss!"

He was right, so far as the material for coining was concerned. Yellow-gold, and red-gold, and old-gold gave back the sunlight with a wonderful generosity from these girls' shining heads. Never before had we seen anything of the kind to equal it.

But, after all, what has this to do with our life at the hotel, with the meals we ate, and the manner in which we ate them? What, indeed, have golden hairs to do with meals at all? It is certain that the reception of even the most brilliant specimen on a plate is usually cold. And there is no doubt that meals are an important attribute of life in a hotel, or even elsewhere.

Therefore let us brush aside these other things,

wherever they may be, and come to breakfast. Now it is possible that the one or two of you who have not been to Norway may imagine that the Norwegian breakfasts at an early hour. Since in the summer it has been broad daylight from a few minutes after twelve, the supposition is natural enough. On the other hand it has been equally broad daylight until a few minutes *before* twelve. So the thing cuts both ways!

As a matter of fact, the average Norwegian, as Nature refuses to parcel out his summer hours, prefers to dance or to amuse himself in any other way late into the alleged night rather than rise at some unearthly hour in the equally brilliant morning. So—speaking as good Norwegians—we seldom put in our appearance before nine, and frequently not until considerably after ten.

Did we in England teach the Norwegians to eat a breakfast or did we learn the art from them? The taste for eggs and bacon, I am prepared to swear, came from the South-West, across the sea. But as to the salmon, and the other fishes, and the cold slices of sausage, and the honey, and a dozen other things besides—well, about these others there is an air which may smack remotely of Invernesshire, and of the Highlands in general, but which is, after all, essentially local.

Some very obvious, foolish, and trite person has chosen to give out that the best sauce for meat is hunger. Now, in Norway there is no doubt about the hunger, and there is seldom any lack of material sauce. Everywhere, outside the chief towns, the manner of feeding is somewhat patriarchial. There are immensely long tables, and immensely long lines of seated and ravenous guests, at the back of whom the waitresses steadily work their way, pouring substantial oil, as it were, upon the fierce fires of hunger which are consuming the entire lines of humanity.

On our first arrival the Imp had displayed signs of nervousness. She had gazed at the distant dishes, and the long ranks of diners who intervened with a telescopic and calculating eye.

"They'll never get as far as here," she would sigh, "unless they grow on the plates."

It was true. They never did. But we soon became reconciled to an example of cosmic force. When the original dishes, having gone as far as they could, became no more, they were succeeded by others. It was the primal law of existence in full blast. Where one generation—say of salmon—stopped, the next began, until the problem of the hour was solved and overcome. This latter, of course, was nothing more nor less than the provisioning of our interiors, and when we found that this object was in the end invariably attained, we became comforted and much at our ease.

It was after one of our first meals of the kind that the matron, the maid, and I, made a discovery. The thing had nothing to do with courses, and I scarcely know why I mention it in connection with meals—except

that, in the ordinary course of events—everything seems to happen either before or after one of these functions.

To proceed with the actual occurrence: we were walking in the neighbourhood of the village at the foot of a somewhat steep mountain side when we heard a sound from the blue vault of heaven above, which rang familiarly to our ears. The matron sprang upon a rock, and peered.

"An aeroplane!" she explained.

This seemed impossible. How could it be, I demanded, in a district where there was scarcely enough level room for a sparrow to perch, to say nothing of an aeroplane? But the noise increased. Presently a haystack came soaring through the air sideways in a direct line above our heads. You note the calmness with which I refer to this miracle! That is merely because the explanation is so very simple—although at the time we did not know it.

In the Learned World

EVERYONE knows by this time that the presence of a very small quantity of radium in the neighbourhood will cause all electrified substances to lose their charge, and this phenomenon has sometimes led to great difficulty in conducting electrical experiments in laboratories that have become, so to speak, infected by radium. But any electrical conductor highly charged with electricity also loses its charge gradually even in dry and still air without any radium being brought near it, and this has given rise to many conjectures. The most probable of these is that the whole surface of the earth is constantly subjected to the bombardment of rays resembling the "Gamma" rays of radium, which are probably identical with the well-known Röntgen or X rays produced by a discharge through a highly-exhausted tube. The source of this radiation has given rise to much controversy, and the balance of learned opinion has hitherto inclined towards the view that it is due to the diffusion of radium throughout the earth's surface. Professor V. Hess, of Munich, however, has lately shown that this can have little to do with it. By a series of experiments made with balloons at a height of 5,000 metres, he has proved conclusively that at this altitude the leak of a charged electroscope is twenty times as great as at the surface of the earth, and that even then it is rapidly increasing. The conclusion is well-nigh irresistible that the rays which cause the discharge come from some source of radiation hitherto unsuspected either in the upper atmosphere or from some body outside the earth altogether. That it can have anything to do with the rarefaction of our atmosphere at this altitude is improbable in view of the fact that a high vacuum is the most effective insulator of electricity yet known.

Another new radiation which, unlike that last suggested, has made some stir in the daily Press, is the

so-called F rays which Signor Ulivi is said to have discovered, and which are alleged to be capable of causing explosions of gunpowder and other inflammable substances at long distances. Some of these stories are evidently grossly exaggerated, and Sir Hiram Maxim has knocked on the head one which credits Signor Ulivi with having blown up a gas tank at some thousands of yards by the remark that coal-gas is not inflammable unless mixed with five times its volume of air. Yet if Signor Ulivi ever publishes his real or pretended discovery in scientific form, it will probably be seen that it depends on an oscillating discharge at high tension. Dr. Gustave Le Bon mentioned years ago that on experimenting with an induction coil giving a spark of 50 centimetres, he suddenly found what he described as a "rain of fire" pouring upon him from every metallic substance in the laboratory in which he was. He used the coil to charge to overflowing a powerful battery of Leyden jars which were then discharged through a spark-gap, the surges of the ether waves thus set up being caught and transformed by the resonator used by Dr. Oudin in his medical employment of high-frequency currents. By this means—or better by substituting for the resonator a Tesla coil with semi-liquid insulation—the molecules or perhaps the atoms of most substances can be thrown into such violent agitation that any exhausted tube in the room will glow as if a discharge were passing through it, and all metals within range will throw out sparks. As this would in time destroy the insulation of every electric light or power wire within reach, the experiment cannot be pushed very far under ordinary conditions. That it would be possible to extend the range of this high-tension discharge so as to make it effective at a distance of thousands of yards is one of the things that must be seen to be believed.

Dr. Harry Campbell at the British Association drew attention to some factors in man's evolution which are of much interest in the present state of affairs. The development of man from an ape-like ancestor was, he declared, due in the first instance to the latter's abandonment of an arboreal life for a terrestrial one, and of vegetable food for animal. As a hunting animal preying upon other carnivora, man's ancestor was very poorly equipped with tooth and claw, and his only superiority in the struggle depended on the greater adaptability of his hands and the inventive power of his brain. These two features, *teste* Dr. Campbell, evolved with equal step, and gave him weapons to supplement his natural deficiencies. But then came into play the effect of polygamy which led to first the strongest and then the cleverest of the herd obtaining the most physically perfect wives, then that of inter-tribal warfare which killed off those least fitted to survive, and then the foundation of communal or group morals which led the individual to prefer the welfare of the swarm to that of the bee. That man's progress upwards left behind it "one long trail of blood," as Dr. Campbell puts it, is doubtless true enough, and will be a bad hearing for some of our mercantile-minded pacifists.

The lecture of Dr. Itideyo Noguchi, the clever young Japanese professor from the Rockefeller Institute of New York, at the Royal Society of Medicine, will have drawn the attention of the general public to the discovery of yet another microbe in the shape of the spirochete which is, according to him, the cause of general paralysis. This last disease, familiarly known as "G.P.I.," has long been guessed to be one of the sequelæ of specific disease, and Dr. Noguchi seems to have demonstrated to the satisfaction of his audience that it can be induced in rabbits by inoculation with the spirochete found in the blood of patients attacked by the original infection. It ought, therefore, to be amenable to treatment by salvarsan, "606," and other specific remedies lately introduced. A more wonderful discovery from the scientific point of view is Dr. Noguchi's detection of the microbe of hydrophobia, which has hitherto escaped observation. This, says Dr. Noguchi, is due to the fact that it is extremely small, measuring less than a thousandth of a millimetre, and therefore being able to pass through any filter. It possesses, moreover, a nucleus and a containing membrane, and is therefore a protozoon or animal rather than a bacterium or fungus. Dogs inoculated with a preparation containing it have exhibited all the terrible symptoms of rabies, and Professor Metchnikoff thinks it will help him to prepare a protective serum or vaccine which will avoid among other things the employment of frequent and painful hypodermic injections.

F. L.

The Theatre

"Between Sunset and Dawn" and "The Green Cockatoo" at the Vaudeville Theatre

MR. WHELEN and Mr. McKinnel began their new programme by depressing us with two musicians all the way from Munich, while we feel certain that almost any London suburb could have supplied a lady and gentleman who would have given us six dramatic songs which would have made us equally unhappy.

Having thus gracefully attuned us to misery, we were permitted to see Mr. Hermon Ould's play in four scenes, the apotheosis of squalor and last word of pointlessness and futile pain. There is love of a kind in "Between Sunset and Dawn," and there is murder, and we presume, for it is not quite clear, madness. Judged by these qualities, the play may be called a tragedy. But it is not one in which we are allowed to sympathise with any of the characters. Mr. Norman McKinnel gives us a vital and consistent picture of a hulking and brutal person who manages a lodging-house for his drunken mother, Mrs. Harris, played with almost terrible skill by Miss Ada King. Jim Harris has a wayward and equally brutal but a much weaker friend,

Bill Higgins, whose character is very finely put before us by Mr. Edmund Breon. He is a drunkard and a jealous husband, but after his fashion devoted to his Liz. Miss Mary Blayney plays this weak and colourless woman. She runs away from Bill, seeks a refuge in the lodging-house, and attracts the love or passion of Jim Harris—who, hitherto, has had nothing to do with women. The one strong feeling of Liz is that she is respectable and a wife of three years' standing. When Jim offers her a home, she revolts against her future doubtful status and returns to Bill, only to engage in one more terrible scene with him, in which she hides that Jim Harris has made love to her. In the last scene or act she has returned to Jim, and he in turn becomes disgusted with her for having lied to her husband. His latent madness, we presume, grows upon him. For he kills Liz when at last she ventures into his arms. It will be seen that Mr. Ould's play is a dark picture of pain and horror. It hurts more fully because each character is well played. Miss Alice Mansfield, for example, is perfect as the mother of Bill; Miss Ethel Marryat gives a clever sketch of a neighbour with a quiet taste for the more unpleasant side of life. "Between Sunset and Dawn" is a bitter indictment of our civilisation, with a suggestion that the only way out is death. It is cleverly planned and finely acted, but it appears to us to be far too remorseless for a work of art, too lacking in purpose for a stage play.

"THE GREEN COCKATOO"

Not long since we had the advantage of reading and reviewing Mr. Horace B. Samuel's translation of this grotesque in one act by Mr. Arthur Schnitzler. The version at present being given at the Vaudeville is by Miss Penelope Wheeler. Like all the productions of this management, it is admirably put on the stage and splendidly played. But its complications were far more clear, its action more convincing in book form than as it now appears. Truly, Mr. Malcolm Cherry gives us a splendid Emile, Duc de Cadignan, and Miss Sarah Brooke a wonderful and perfect marquise of 1789, Mr. Breon an excellent aristocrat, and Miss Mary Clare a beautiful lady of the town of that period. But the spirit which enlivens Schnitzler's work hardly reaches the audience. We see the underground tavern kept by an enemy of the aristocrats who was once a theatre manager; we see his actors give their stories of murder and rapine, and the fashionable people who visit the "Green Cockatoo," to be amused, suddenly realise that what they came to laugh about turns to tragedy. We see the fine flower of their set, Emile, murdered by an actor in reality just after having performed a scene in which he pretended that he had done so. Yet the thrill has gone out of the play; its power, as we imagined it, has lost its hold. The result is confused, the action almost too rapid for the eye to follow, the general effect one of haste, in which the emotions have not time to arrange themselves. There may be a small public for two such plays—considering

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how admirably they are acted—but the unfortunate point is that the esoterics do not pay to go to the theatres.

"Half-an-Hour" at the Hippodrome

SIR J. M. BARRIE'S essay into melodrama in little is entirely successful—from the box-office point of view. In our opinion, this author touches nothing that he does not grace. We are already so attached to his method, to his humour and cunning, that we are not able to throw an altogether impartial eye upon this little play in three scenes. But behind our uncritical attitude and our appreciation there lurks, alas! a sense of disappointment. Of course, we expected too much and have been given something far better than we deserved. Every playwright will understand that. And yet . . . this is not the Barrie of so many hours of delight, it is not the Barrie of "The Adored One," the first production of which THE ACADEMY alone among all the journals of the world, enjoyed with infinite zest. The Hippodrome is a huge house, and Sir James is usually intimate and subtle; but on this occasion the author has written in a bold and broadly effective way which is more in keeping with the spacious surroundings than the quiet and seductive manner of the writer of "The Will." And the "Half-an-Hour" is played in the same rather coarse manner in which it is composed.

The graceful and beautiful Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as Lady Lilian Garson, acts with a broadly melodramatic air; Mr. Gwenn, as her ill-bred husband Garson, shouts and rants after a fashion very foreign to his usual method. Mr. Sydney Valentine, as Doctor Brodie, preaches loudly and at length.

The story of how poor Lady Lilian is thrown into the arms of a lover by her husband's horrid taunts, how having fled from Garson's house to Hugh Paton, Mr. Frank Esmond, who is just leaving for Egypt, she is suddenly robbed of her happiness by the death of Paton in a street, how she returns home, recovers her letter to her husband and takes her old position, is finely imagined and bravely set forth. But the thing that hurts us in Sir James Barrie's work is his portraiture of Doctor Brodie.

He is a stranger to Lady Lilian, but has been asked to dine at her house with some other friends on the evening of this tragic affair. He is on the scene when the accident to Paton takes place. There is nothing to be done for the victim, but the doctor returns to the lodgings and has some talk with Lady Lilian, whom he, at first, supposes to be Mrs. Paton. He learns the state of affairs, hints that she should follow her lover from this world, and pursues his way to dinner. Lady Lilian is late, of course, in receiving her guests. And before she comes down this extraordinary doctor has told the story of the accident and more than hinted the matter of the woman. When he meets his hostess he

shows he recognises her, so absolutely unprofessional is he. The letter is not found by Garson, because it would spoil the play, but he suspects that his wife was the woman in Paton's rooms. At last the doctor clearly lies and says he has not seen Lady Lilian before, and the difficulty is over; but his curious conduct leaves us with an unpleasant sense that the "Half-an-Hour" is a made-up affair of the theatre, not life as we know it, nor one of those beautiful imaginings with which Sir James has fortunately made us all so long ago familiar. But we must be content that the piece is ingenious and successful, that, notwithstanding its rather cheap melodramatic air, it holds our attention firmly enough. Indeed, we should probably praise it exceedingly but for the fact that a critic's crown of sorrow is remembering happier plays.

EGAN MEW.

The Grafton Gallery

SPANISH OLD MASTERS: VELAZQUEZ.

IT is almost a fashion of our day to find or rediscover paintings by this the most imposing of Spanish painters. For our part, we welcome all such endeavours; even if the works thus brought to light do not come directly from the master's hand and brain they, at least, suggest his manner sufficiently to engage the interest of the authorities on his methods and to amuse that agreeable person the amateur of the arts. When we mention that in the present exhibition no less than twenty-seven rather important works stand in this painter's name it will be understood that the attributions sometimes leave room for doubt. This is especially so with many pictures that are boldly claimed to be in Velazquez's first period, or as he was developing into his second, and also some of the Court portraits are, of course, open to the suggestion that much of the work was from other hands than his. When the reigning heads of States were in the habit of sending their portraits as compliments to other kings and queens, even the studio of the most gifted master in Spain became something of a manufactory.

Thus among this wealth of paintings we turn with particular delight to such a tavern piece as "The Omelette," painted in Seville about 1620, which shows us the delight of the artist in his work without, one imagines, thought of fame or Royal favour. The picture which has already been seen among the artist's early Bodegones in many exhibitions here, shows an elderly woman of the people frying eggs; on her left is a boy with melon and wine flask, and about her all the necessities of a simple Seville kitchen. The background is profoundly dark—probably more so than it was some three hundred years ago when these life-like people were first put into paint. The picture has been written of again and again, but with especial acumen by C. Justi in the "Velazquez and His Times," translated by A. H. Keane, of 1889. He says:—"With all its prosaic minute accuracy the treatment is by no

means trivial, a firm, full brush giving contours and surface with a few strokes. Nothing has been foisted in by the artist; there are no studied light effects, for which the fire might have offered a rare chance; nothing of refined vulgarity and unseemliness, no professional modelling or picturesque costumes, or figures smacking of the studio; no condescension; nothing but downright honesty. It is a realistic piece, but radiant with a halo of impressions and memories of land and people."

This direct praise can be more widely applied than to the "Omelette." In the present collection, "The Water Seller," lent by the Duke of Wellington, is an even more animated performance, and deserves the same commendation for its sincerity and boldness. "The Barber-Surgeon" and the "Lady with a Mantilla," supposed to be the daughter of the artist and the wife of Juan Baptista Mazo, are among the unofficial portraits or pictures which possess an especial fascination to admirers of Velazquez's artistic personality.

As for the rather artificial and over-powerful Royal portraits, that of the full-length life-size one of Philip IV of Spain when about twenty-five years of age seems to us the most human and alive. As Velazquez is said to have painted Philip at least twenty-three times it is an advantage to see his work when the king was as yet martial and young. He is *posé*, of course, and stiff after the very unattractive Royal Spanish fashion of the period, but there is character in every touch of the artist's brush.

Among many other more important but not less beautiful examples of the master, we would draw especial attention to "A Conversation of Spaniards," a group delicate and yet bold in arrangement and colouring, full of mastery, and a sense of the possibilities of his art. The large picture of "Philip IV Hunting the Wild Boar," now in the National Gallery, contains just such another arrangement of figures, trees, and distant mountainous landscape.

After again viewing these twenty-seven examples attributed to Velazquez one feels that he, and he alone, can give us at once the life of the Court and that of the people of Spain as it existed in his gorgeous yet sordid day.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) from August 27 to September 24 appear to have felt the enervating influence of the season. While public affairs are torpid, editors cannot be lively. The question is discussed whether local self-government should take the form of a revival of the village punchayat system; it is regarded as impossible. It is significant to read: "What we have to consider is whether at this stage in our history we can do without the guidance and help of the British." Much credit is taken for the success of Co-operative Credit Societies in India. Government by co-operation, which is advocated, is quite another thing. An Indian

idea of co-operation is that greater powers should be conferred on local bodies and official control relaxed. The importance of rural sanitation is admitted; the objection to it is that it is required at official bidding. The statement that the Tata Research Institute at Bangalore has not been able to fulfil public expectations, and that a Committee of Inquiry has been found necessary, is far from satisfactory. A Benares doctor has some flattering remarks on English public life, its organisation and steady activity. The agitation about Miss Maud Allan's dancing in India had begun and bodes no good. The example of threatened revolution and possible civil war in Ireland has not escaped notice as a bad precedent for Indians to follow.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) issues for August and September show that the trouble, above mentioned, at Bangalore related to financial and other mismanagement. Sir Theodore Morison's advocacy of the vernaculars as the medium of instruction in Indian Universities is quoted, but, ominously, without comment. The idea of a University at Agra has been mooted but has not yet taken shape. Sanskrit learning is to be developed in the Cochin State from large surplus funds at the credit of certain temples; surely the money might have been spent more productively. Dr. Ghose's donation of £66,666 to the College of Science, Calcutta, will provide for its proper equipment with a professional staff. The Calcutta Indian community are establishing an Association for the study of sociology. Of literary societies, lectures and improvement associations there is a continual supply, but the lengths of their lives are not recorded. The Hindu University scheme at Benares has materialised sufficiently for its foundation in March to be contemplated. An interesting lecture delivered at Simla by the Director of Archaeology on the discoveries at Taxila, the famous city near Rawalpindi, will add largely to the knowledge of the locality and the archaeological remains. The Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute in Bombay has held its jubilee meeting, the Governor presiding.

Before the *Anthropological Society of Bombay* four discourses were read in 1912 on "Mazdaism in the light of Vishnuism." They were written by a gentleman describing himself as a Bhagavat in religion, a follower of Vishnu. Their object is to show some parallels between the followers of Zoroastrianism and Vishnuism, which both belong to the same Aryan racial stem.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for August has another article on the evidence given before Lord Islington's Public Service Commission. It is a discussion of a case which is *sub judice*, with a view to influence the decision. The conclusion offered is that "our rulers must learn henceforth to rule India according to Indian ideas, as modified and improved by Western ideas." Will the Indians accept and practise Western ideas of truth, uprightness, energy? The paper on "India as known to Ancient Europe" is interesting historically, but is a mere summary of the information contained in the works of well-known authors. "The Andhra movement" is an appeal for an Andhra Province, with

university, conference, and newspaper, so as to safeguard the interests of the Andhras and take its share in the general Indian movement. If the Peninsula were to be remapped on ethnic and linguistic lines the Andhras might be considered. There are many more urgent questions pending. Lord Hardinge having called Rabindra Nath Tagore the Poet Laureate of Asia, a Bengali suggests the creation of a Laureateship in India "to bring the King-Emperor nearer to the hearts of the common people." The suggestion is characteristic. "Topics of the Day" are likely to influence native thought. As a writer observes, "Indian politics have been passing through such kaleidoscopic changes for some years that opinions must be revised." That is just it: it seems impossible to find any fixity in Indian thought.

In the *Moslem World* (London) for October the editor writes of a crisis in Muhammadan affairs which apparently means "the changed situation in all Northern Africa and the Nearer East, with signs of disintegration and unheard-of opportunities for evangelisation"; no other crisis is mentioned. Islam, "from a medical standpoint," by ten contributors, is a terrible record of physical evils due directly or indirectly to the influence of Islam. A Muhammadan writer has published, in a book, a "discovery" that "nearly every tenet of the Christian faith is derived from the religions of the heathen." Dr. Tisdall exposes unmercifully the gross mis-statements and untrustworthy sources on which the "discovery" is based. The current topics and the book reviews are as excellent as usual. This review continues to provide a handy survey of Islamic matters and of missionary efforts in Moslem lands.

Notes for Collectors

SOME OLD CHINESE ARTS

ALL matters spiritual and material are now so intensely fluid in the country which we used to speak of as the greatest Empire of the arts that almost every work from Chinese hands in Europe may be thought of as antique. Production still goes forward, of course, but like our own utilitarian manufactures, beauty is receding from it; haste fills the air, wars and rumours of conquering nations rob the devout artist of his detachment, his resources, his strength and his style.

We are infinitely grateful to those adventurers who have brought examples of Chinese art to European doors, even if there be blood on some of it. Few people have been able to look at such a splendid collection of these things as has been brought together at the Whitechapel Art Gallery this autumn, and was also there after the Boxer rising of twelve years ago, without recalling Mr. Kipling's barrack-room ballad on "Loot! loot! loot!" with its dare-devil chorus of—

Yes, the loot,
Bloomin' loot!

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot.

But our passion as collector soon obliterates all regrets. How we came by this store of fine examples of Oriental art is, æsthetically, of no importance. The great matter is that we are permitted to enjoy them. There are some 530 examples of very various arts at present exhibited at Whitechapel, and each piece is of interest either because of its success as a work of great accomplishment, of its high endeavour, or, not infrequently, of what seems to us its failure and its lesson. But over and above all we note, as ever, the nice use by the Chinese craftsman of his material to his artistic intention. On this point Dr. A. Breuer, who lends many fine specimens, has written some excellent notes in the catalogue. Speaking of England, he says, "One of the difficulties in the way of the promotion of a love of art in this country is that people generally are without the sense of 'quality' in works of art. We are indifferent to the possibilities for beauty inherent in different materials and to the skill of the artist who brings them out. This sense is one of the most remarkable gifts of Chinese artists and craftsmen, whether it be in the chasing of a bronze, the glazing of a piece of porcelain, the carving of jade, rock crystal, carnelian, agate, or other fine stone, the treatment of an embroidered silk or of a carpet, so that the play of light amongst the fibres of the material shall reveal its utmost beauty, there is always the same distinguished feeling for the quality of the material which is the mark of artistic as opposed to in-artistic craftsmanship." But times are changing and there is now a small army of artists among us intent on applying their gifts to such considerations.

A second point, other than the possibilities of beauty inherent in various materials, which this exhibition forces on us is that age is one of the most powerful factors in the great accomplishment of Chinese art. Time is always hiding graces and the things we love, but he acts in a very friendly spirit to the skill of this remarkable people. When we look at the comparatively modern work we are aware that we must become as eclectic and critical here as with any other gifted nation. Even the present exhibition shows us that the failures are not few, although the passage of the ages has subdued many an unfortunate touch to the hues of beauty. In our pride and enthusiasm we have often said in our hearts that all Chinese men are artists; of course, as in all dogmatic expressions of opinions, we were wrong. Later we hope to make some mention of the many examples for and against the case of Chinese art as it is at present shown in Whitechapel. E. M.

The concert at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Tuesday, November 4, with which the Royal Philharmonic Society inaugurates its 103rd season, includes the first performance in England of Strauss' "Festliches Praeludium," composed for the opening of the new concert hall of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna on October 18.

Notes and News

The Art Annual, 1913 (Virtue and Co.), contains six plates in colours and about fifty illustrations of the work of Mr. E. Blair Leighton.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson's new book, "Another Book of the Sirens," is to be published this month by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a new edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Stories." It is to be provided with twelve plates in colour by Mr. Joseph M. Gleeson, in addition to all the original illustrations in black-and-white from Mr. Kipling's own pencil.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing a new and cheaper edition of Mrs. M. H. Spielmann's popular volume for children, "The Rainbow Book." The new edition is fully illustrated by Arthur Rackham, Hugh Thomson, Carton Moore Park, and others.

The Council of the Royal Meteorological Society have awarded the Symons Gold Medal to Mr. W. H. Dines, F.R.S., in recognition of the valuable work which he has done in connection with meteorological science. The medal will be presented at the annual meeting of the society on January 21, 1914.

Mr. Max Goschen will have ready very shortly the "Collected Poems" of Ford Madox Hueffer. The volume will contain the whole of Mr. Hueffer's poetical output up to the present. Mr. Goschen also announces that a fourth impression of Mr. James Elroy Flecker's volume "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," is in the press.

Mr. Werner Laurie is just publishing "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism," by Hereward Carrington, fully illustrated, at 7s. 6d. net. The book gives a lively and vivid account of the experiences of the author, who is one of the most prominent investigators of the super-normal, and author of "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism."

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. have in the press the fourth edition of Greenwood's "Libraries, Museums, and Art Galleries Year Book." This is the only work giving full details of these institutions in the United Kingdom, and this new issue will contain an alphabetical index to the special collections of books, pictures, and museum exhibits throughout the country.

Mr. James Baker, F.R.Hist.Soc., whose "Reminiscent Gossip" is just announced, has been elected a corresponding member of the Société Archéologique de France. Among the few other corresponding members of this society, founded in 1816, are Professor Flinders Petrie, Count Plunkett, and the Duke of Norfolk.

The Manchester University Press will publish on November 3 "Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry," by H. B. Charlton, Assistant Lecturer in the University. Castelvetro is probably the most important Italian critic of the sixteenth century, and the want of some easily accessible presentation of his theory has long been felt by students of comparative literature.

It is announced from Paris that Mr. Edmund Gosse has been appointed to the rank of Officier de la Légion d'Honneur in recognition of his services to French literature in England. Mr. Gosse has for many years past devoted a large portion of his critical labours to French studies, the result of which are found in his "Critical Kit-Kats," "French Profiles," and other volumes.

A new version for English readers of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. The new volume is by E. H. Johnson, Pasha, who translates the well-known Lucknow edition of the complete poem of 762 quatrains. It should be interesting to compare this with Fitzgerald's version, which comprises only seventy-five quatrains, or less than one-tenth of the complete work.

An important work on the Land Question, entitled "The Land and the Commonwealth," by Mr. T. E. Marks, will shortly be published by Messrs. P. S. King and Son. The author is a member of the Surveyors' Institution, and also a member of the Eighty Club Land Group. He writes from a long experience in the management of landed property, and deals with the whole subject in an exhaustive manner.

Preparations for the great spectacle, "The Romance of India," which Mr. Caton Woodville is producing this winter in the Empress Hall at Earl's Court, are proceeding busily. Special pains are being taken to render the scenic effects unusually striking, and in several cases results are being achieved which, when developed, will, it is confidently anticipated, produce a marked sensation.

The companion volume to Mr. George Hamlin Fitch's "Critic in the Orient," the author's impressions of some of the most interesting places in Europe, entitled "The Critic in the Occident," will be published by Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco. The illustrations have proved to be one of the interesting features of these travel volumes, reproducing an unusual series of photographs arranged into galleries of each country visited.

There is no deterioration in the splendid work accomplished annually by the Promenade Concerts, and we are glad to state that very rarely in the history of the undertaking has the public given more generous and enthusiastic support to Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra than during this season. There seems to be every prospect that an equally satisfactory condition of things will prevail in 1914.

H.H. Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein has graciously added her patronage to that of H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg on behalf of the matinee which is to be held at the Gaiety Theatre on November 4, in aid of St. Hugh's—a social and educational work for boys. Amongst others who are promoting the matinee are H.M. Queen Amélie of Portugal, H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and H.H. the Rance of Sarawak. Boxes are selling at twenty and ten guineas, stalls at one guinea. Tickets can be had at 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., and 2s. 6d., from Mr. Norman F. Potter, 129, King's Avenue, Clapham Park, S.W. Telephone 704 Streatham.

What Russia Owes to England

THE literature of Russia is the most amazing of all the literatures of the world. Its fierce sociological basis, its grim seriousness, its lack of any tradition afford vivid contrast to other national literatures. Until the seventeenth century, it had no literature outside the Church Slavonic. When Peter the Great came to the throne, however, Russia awakened, and reforms were begun. Many things were lacking, and had to be borrowed from without. And from England Russia borrowed her literature.

At that time Dryden was writing in England; Voltaire in France had published his "Dictionnaire"; and Russia had nothing save ponderous Lives of the Saints. Hence the Russian writer of the day was purely derivative and imitative. He became dazzled by the glories of the Western literatures, and naturally turned to the traditions of those literatures in his attempts to bring Russia into line. Some slight inspiration was drawn from France and Germany; but it was English literature which became the deep guiding influence to which perhaps every Russian writer is indebted.

The first individual influence that one traces is that of Sterne. In 1790 Radishchev published his "Journey from Petersburg to Moscow," the form of which was a scrupulous imitation of "The Sentimental Journey." In substance, however, the work is a bitter attack on serfdom and its attendant horrors. Radishchev was a typical Russian author, a serious sociologist anxious to better the lot of his countrymen. His subject was intensely national, but no national form existed for its presentation; he had to go to alien sources of inspiration. Nor does the influence of Sterne stop here. It is to be found in Karamzin's "Letters of a Russian Traveller," a work which not only copied the form but also the spirit of Sterne. Karamzin had no sociological purpose. He wrote solely for delight in his craft, and his keen observation, liberal ideas, and gay fancy produced a work which suffers hardly at all by comparison with its model. Sterne and Richardson together are found influencing the same writer in his novels, "Poor Liza" and "Natalya," the first Russian efforts in fiction to obtain any measure of recognition. But the imitator reproduced all the faults of his models, and even Richardson never sugared his characters with such cloying sentimentality.

A little later came Byron, bursting into Russian literature like a sun-god. He is the father of Russian poetry. But for Byron, Pushkin would never have written, nor would have Lermontov and A. K. Tolstoi. Pushkin, indeed, modelled himself on Byron, not only in his art but in his life, which was but a mad whirl of duels and excesses of all kinds. Even his end was Byronic. A trivial quarrel resulted in a duel in which Pushkin fell, mortally wounded. But, dying, he raised himself, fired, and brought down his opponent. His finest poem, "Eugene Onegin," the basis of Tchaikovski's opera, is more than a little reminiscent

of "Beppo" and "Don Juan," and Eugene himself is a frankly Byronic figure, a young man burnt out, disenchanted with the world. In "The Gipsies," also, the Byronic hero is presented, and the pitiful emptiness of the character is exhibited in every phase.

But if Pushkin may be said to have been attracted by Byronism, then Lermontov, who ranks but little lower than Pushkin as a poet, may be said to have suffered from it. Byronism with him was no romantic drapery; it was his very soul. His life reads like the biography of one of Byron's own heroes. From cradle to grave nature and circumstance arose continually to embitter and exasperate him. He passed through life hated and forlorn, one of the most tragic figures in literature. In his novel, "The Heart of a Russian," one of the first psychological novels of Russia, he made a detailed study of the Byronic character transplanted to Russian soil, and his hero, Pechorin, is Don Juan under a microscope.

Later, another influence made itself felt: that of Sir Walter Scott. Pushkin attempted, in his novels "The Captain's Daughter" and "Peter the Great's Arab," an imitation of the Scott manner; but it was not successfully reproduced until A. K. Tolstoi wrote "Prince Serebryany"—a book which has earned for itself the description of "The 'Ivanhoe' of Russia."

But romance could never fulfil the function of a national literature in Russia. It reflected but few of the national traits, and was inherently incapable of satisfying the needs of the people. It was almost entirely æsthetic; at its best it appealed only to the intellectual few. The critic Belinsky summed up the matter as follows:

Nowadays we have no desire to read those authors who seek to astonish the world with their marvellous phrases, their sonorous verses . . . the period of such juvenile enthusiasm has passed; that of thought has arrived.

Belinsky was right. Russia demanded from literature something far more serious than æsthetic entertainment. Literature became the last refuge of Russian thought, the only political platform. Reforms were long overdue, and the means which brought about those reforms was the realistic novel. And this form came, with all other literary forms, from without, from England. A certain influence may be traced to Balzac, but the great awakening and the abiding influence came from—Dickens. Dickens was the founder of the novel with a social purpose, a fact which was enthusiastically acclaimed in Russia before it was realised in England. Indeed, Dostoevski said, and not without reason, that Dickens had two fatherlands—England and Russia. No Russian writer has, however, openly imitated Dickens. Gogol approached him, perhaps, more closely than any other; but all the moderns are, in spirit, the children of Dickens—Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, and their followers—keen sociologists devoting their genius to the task of awakening the conscience of their

countrymen. The part played by Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches," inspired by Dickens, in the removal of the blot of serfdom from civilisation will ever remain one of the glories not only of Russian literature, but, indirectly, of English literature.

R. C.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BRITISH NAVAL POLICY IN THE PACIFIC—I

DURING the past decade Imperial interests in the Pacific have to a large extent been allowed to take care of themselves. This seemingly *laissez faire* attitude of statesmen responsible for those interests has frequently formed the subject of bitter comment, and critics by the multitude have scolded the Government for culpably neglecting the welfare of the Empire. On calm reflection, however, we shall find that, even though it may have fallen short of the ideal standard which the enthusiast in his blindness would require, British policy has been lacking neither in dignity nor in practical utility. Bearing in mind that the alternative to the course actually adopted would have meant, not only the retention but an augmenting of the naval force that, ten years ago, was considered necessary for the protection of our interests in Eastern Asia and beyond, let us examine the question carefully in all its aspects.

After Port Arthur and Tsushima, Russian sea power in the Pacific entirely disappeared, and the Treaty of Portsmouth found Japan well on the way to naval supremacy in the Far East. Both these circumstances, the one the logical sequent of the other, were indirectly created by the rôle Great Britain had assumed in consenting to ally herself with Japan. What, then, more natural than that she should take advantage of the fruits of that alliance?

One of the most vital reasons for the maintenance of a strong British fleet in the waters of Eastern Asia had lain in the fact that hitherto Russia's aggressive diplomacy was backed, not only by her land forces, but also by a powerful squadron of warships operating from what were then held to be two impregnable bases, Vladivostok and Port Arthur. With the capture of the latter fortress and the loss of her ships, Russia ceased to be a naval factor in the situation. Thus the *raison d'être* of the China Squadron in its full strength became no longer justified. But, the critics may say, there still remained Japan. Ally or no ally, we had no right to leave her, an Asiatic Power, who might, were she so inclined, seize the first opportunity of throwing her obligations to the winds, in a position of such progressive dominance throughout the Pacific, a region in which the Empire held so great a stake. The answer to this indictment is twofold and conclusive. We could well afford to allow a period of time to pass

before reasserting, by increased force, British naval prestige in Far Eastern waters. To begin with, no matter to what cynical interpretation the term "alliance" may be strained, it would be sheer nonsense to pretend that such a compact as that existing between England and Japan carried with it *no* binding obligations, or that these obligations could be frivolously tossed on one side from the day of signature. The full value of this instrument, as well as its potential defects, were thoroughly understood by the men who in this country took part in framing it. And its full value, neither more nor less, was properly estimated when it was decided to withdraw to home waters the battle units of the China Squadron. Furthermore, the financial status of Japan was not lost sight of. She might drain the last *yen* from the pockets of her impoverished people with the sole object of building up her military power on land and sea; but that she was prepared at any moment within a given period to face the expenditure that would be necessary if she elected to break the peace of the Pacific was rightly considered to be impossible. Great Britain, moreover, controlled the purse-strings of Japan, and to that extent held surety for her good behaviour.

But to the indictment of those critics who accused the Government of pursuing a policy of culpable negligence, we have a second answer—a more positive justification for the reduction of British sea power in the Pacific. Coincident with the close of the Manchurian campaign, international activities found once more a centre in Europe, where the diplomacy of Germany had begun to assert itself with some vigour. At this period no adequate grouping of Powers existed as an effective counterpoise to the Triple Alliance, then at the zenith of its utility and prestige. It is true that the historic feud between France and England had been ended by the Entente. But the practical intimacy which characterises the relations between the two countries to-day had not yet been established, while the position of Russia as a factor in the European situation was still uncertain. Now, precisely at this moment, the world in general, and the British Admiralty in particular, began to realise that a stage had been reached in the development of German naval armaments menacing to our position in the North Sea. In the interests of the Empire as a whole, a thorough reconsideration of our naval strategy—the disposition and distribution of our fleets—had become a matter of urgent necessity. No longer was it possible, following the lines of the old school of strategists, to provide for Imperial security by the decentralisation of sea power. On the contrary, the policy of maintaining powerful stations throughout the world in spheres where no immediate danger lurked was proved to be fallacious in that it reduced to a minimum the efficiency of the Navy as a defensive arm, thereby exposing to attack the very heart of the Empire. Thus it came about that with the adoption of Lord Fisher's scheme of concentrating the maximum naval strength in home waters, the battle units were recalled from the Far East. On the

grounds, therefore, that the retention of a strong fleet in the region of the Pacific had for the time being become unnecessary, and because the rapid evolution of German armaments left her no alternative to the policy of concentration upon the North Sea, Great Britain's attitude in deliberately taking advantage of her alliance with Japan is shown to have been fully justified by reason both of common sense and expediency.

In the time that has elapsed, however, the Eastern world has witnessed a march of great events, the developments of which are still unfolding; and once more the Pacific and its problems are about to engage the attention of the nations.

MOTORING

MOTORISTS will recollect that shortly after the last advance in the price of petrol several schemes were promulgated for the supply of the spirit from sources independent of the "ring." The basis of these schemes was that of co-operation, motorists being invited to take up shares, in return for which they would be entitled to receive a certain quantity of petrol—so many gallons per share per annum—at a price considerably lower than that ruling in the open market. One of these co-operative associations was the Petrol Users' and Traders' Supply Society, Ltd., and its report of the work done since its inception, which has been issued this week, makes very interesting reading. It appears from this report that the Society has so far fulfilled its promises to the shareholders that it is selling, and is prepared to sell, motor spirit of the highest grade at 1s. 2d. per gallon, practically delivered free to the member's garage. Up to the present 100 tons, or 30,000 gallons, have been actually delivered, and a further quantity of 200 tons is now "being delivered." So satisfactory have been the operations of the Society—according to the report—that it has been decided to extend them largely by the erection of further depots, and by the acquisition of a steamer for the sole purpose of transporting the Society's spirit to this country. To carry out this ambitious extension scheme more money is naturally required, and it is presumably with this objective in view that the exhaustive report has been published.

In considering the statements made in the above-mentioned report, one important fact must strike every careful reader, namely, that the cost to the Society of the spirit it is supplying to its members at 1s. 2d. per gallon is not indicated. It may be taken for granted that it really has supplied a certain quantity of petrol to its shareholders at the price specified, which is 7d. per gallon below the market price, but has it been done at a loss or a profit? And if the former is the case, how long can the supply continue? That, it seems to the

writer, is the crux of the whole matter, and the one point upon which those who are invited to subscribe the additional funds should be satisfied. The Society started its operations with a membership of 1,118 and a capital of £22,963—not a very large amount with which to fight the group of multi-millionaires who dominate the petrol market. With these modest funds it has purchased from a Roumanian refinery some hundreds of tons of petrol and distributed the same to its members at 1s. 2d. per gallon, and thereby fulfilled its original promises. But how much of this £22,963 is left, and have the operations of the Society justified the expectation that it can continue to work on a commercial basis? Or has it been following a process analogous to that of paying dividends out of capital? Further, how can this Roumanian refinery afford to sell petrol to the Society at a price which enables the latter to distribute it to the consumer in this country at a figure 33 per cent. under the market price? And if it can do so, why should it? All these are questions which should be answered to the satisfaction of the motorist before he is called upon to furnish the additional capital which, according to the report, is "absolutely essential" for the proposed enlargement of operations.

Motorists using the Dorset roads are earnestly requested by the Automobile Association and Motor Union to exercise every care in driving at cross-roads, dangerous corners, and through towns and villages, and also to show consideration for horse-drawn vehicles by allowing them sufficient room to pass. The Chief Constable of Dorset has reported to the Association that in certain parts of the county there is a good deal of inconsiderate driving, and it is to be feared that many motorists have taken undue advantage of the toleration shown to them by the local authorities in refraining from any rigid enforcement of the speed limit. The Chief Constable's action conveys a sufficiently broad hint that, unless there is an improvement in future, it will be necessary to institute timing operations on the open road.

The makers of the Victor tyre claim that it has already obtained more eulogies and patronage from distinguished motorists than any other type, in spite of the fact that it is by far the youngest of the standard tyres. No fewer than four members of the British Royal House are regular users of the Victor, the most recent patron being H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; whilst a quite remarkable number of distinguished members of the aristocracy and the Services are regular clients of the Victor Tyre Company. In addition, practically every Government Department is a user of Victors. These facts seem to prove conclusively that the memorable tyre trial was a very good thing for the company, notwithstanding the hostility both of the R.A.C. and the trade.

R. B. H

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE tone would appear to be somewhat more cheerful. The plain truth is that the small people have all made and saved money during the past two years, and they are now anxious either to speculate or invest. The business is not large. No huge transactions are entered into, no big gambles begun. But there is a steady dribble of small trade. Various new companies have come out. Lever Brothers have issued another half million "C" Preference at 21s. They are sound and good, and will probably be readily taken up. Another admirable industrial share has been sold by Messrs. Erlanger, who purchased a block of 6 per cent. "B" Prefrs. in the Birmingham Small Arms and offered them at 21s. The Catholic and General Insurance Co. asked for capital, but these new insurance companies are very speculative. Furness Withys Empire Transport will offer debentures, and half a dozen other concerns are coming out. But the public seems disinclined to touch any Canadian issues. There are gloomy tales going round in regard to the position of a good many well-known Canadian financiers and the *débâcle* in Mexico Trams. Brazil Traction and other Latin-Canadian issues have made people afraid, and very properly so too.

The German Bank Rate was lowered, and this has improved the general tone. I hope that we shall get through the winter with a 5 per cent. rate. But Paris is very sick, and big Paris financiers talk in a most gloomy fashion. The effect of the war will be long in passing.

FOREIGNERS will all be made better in order that the loans may be carried out. French Rentes are to be put to go and kept there until the National Loan is placed. Italians will also be moved up and all the Near East States will be made to look more cheerful. I expect to see remarkable tales printed as to the great good done by the war. Turkey and her great Euphrates scheme is already being written up. Presently we shall find Greece and her tobacco and currant trade the topic of conversation. Then Servia and her pig trade, and Roumania and her oil, and Bulgaria and her grain trade. Roumania is really the richest of all the countries, and Turkey comes next. I am afraid that Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria will have to reorganise their debts. Therefore I advise caution in applying for the new loans, though I do not suppose that London will be asked to subscribe. I see no future in copper shares, but there is such a large "bear" account in Tintos that the price may remain hard. But Perus have been sold, and look like going weaker. The position in Mexico grows worse each week. The United States must intervene sooner or later. That means a long war and lower values in all Mexican stocks.

HOME RAILS tumbled upon the news that the Government had formed a Royal Commission to inquire into the position of the English railways. Lloyd George has been studying the question for more than two years and he has seen all the big railway men many times. I have again and again pointed out that if the present Government remains in office Railway Nationalisation will be carried through. Such Socialist measures are rotten both finan-

cially and politically. But they are not so bad for the shareholders if only a fair price be agreed upon—in the case of the railways twenty-five years' purchase of the concern based upon the average dividends of the past three years. The Railway Boards have long known of the intentions of the Government, and I wonder why they have not let themselves go and paid larger dividends. Those railways that have not paid dividends but have spent large sums upon extensions are to be given the option of going before an arbitrator. This would suit such a line as the Great Central, which has not yet begun to reap the benefit of the money spent. I think we shall find a good deal of excitement in the Railway market as the Commission goes on making its inquiries, and I feel sure that when people realise that the terms of purchase will be liberal they will buy Home Rails greedily. The Government Whip gave us the tip when he put the Party funds into the Railway market.

YANKEES are not an interesting market. The "bears" have been buying back and this has hardened prices. Steels have been specially good. There is a large "bear" account open in this stock. Rocks, which were also freely sold by the speculator on the rumour of a Receivership, have sharply recovered, and the tale now goes that Phelps, Dodge have taken the finances in hand. Unions and Southern Pacific are also better, but there is talk of a blanket mortgage being made on Pennsylvanias. Canadas have hardened, but it is more than probable that we shall see further reactions here. The small speculator who bought Grand Trunk Thirds was disappointed at the report and has been getting out. In the Mexican market there are no buyers. There is a semi panic. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific report is good, and the dividend was a surprise. If things were better generally in the Argentine market B.A. and P. would not be at their present price.

RUBBER.—In spite of the laughable collapse of the "bulls" at the Cannon Street Hotel—the long-talked-of meeting having ended in a slanging match—prices of rubber shares are much better. I am afraid that this is due to the "bears" who have been selling short as hard as they can. Linggis, which were sold down to 12s. 9d., are now up 1s. 6d., and all the rest of the list shows gains. Sumatra Para report was good, but the outlook for most of the companies remains unaltered. It is simply preposterous to quote Malaccas at £5 when this mismanaged concern can only make profits by charging huge sums to capital account. I also think Linggis, Vallambrosas and Anglo-Malay very much overvalued, just as I think Cicely, Pataling, Kuala Selangor, Federated Selangor, and Selangor reasonable purchases which will always pay a decent dividend, even if rubber never again goes over 2s., a proposition which I confess seems somewhat unlikely.

OIL.—The event has been the rig in North Caucasians. A good many people sold short, and it really seemed most improbable that the Shell people would refuse to exercise their options when so huge a profit was available. But the dealers went for the brass boldly, and the price jumped to 33s. Spies have been good, and it is now said that the new land has turned out all right. Roumanian Consolidated report was good, and I congratulate the board upon its courage in passing the dividend. Very few oil directors would have dared so much or acted so wisely.

MINES.—Kaffirs are steady, but the boom in Rhodesian land companies has begun by bidding Chartered up to 21s. 6d. A Yankee Ranch with a capital of £1,000,000 is to be started. I urge holders of Rhodesian land shares to sell quickly on any rise, as the whole deal is engineered to enable the insiders to get out. I am afraid Rhodesia as an agricultural country will prove of little value. The

Malayan Tin report is moderately good, but I do not hear the best reports of the property.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Aerated Bread goes on improving its position, and I suggest that holders should hang on. The Sunbeam report was admirable, and there seems quite a steady demand for motor shares. Shipping shares are weak, as many holders think the boom in freights is over. I advise a sale of all shipping and iron and steel shares. The Lagunas nitrate report was not liked, and all Nitrate shares have been weak. Mr. Barton talks with great energy about his wonderful cyanamid company which will be able to kill natural nitrate in a few years. In the meantime Alby carbides are kept hard.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVEREIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Edwin Ridley is very interesting as an example of that confused thinking upon fiscal matters which is so characteristic of the majority of English party politicians. Had Mr. Ridley grasped the essential meaning of Fair Trade as elucidated in the writings of Ralston Boyd, for instance, he would have been a little more careful in his use of the terms "Free Trade" and "Protection."

Let me try to explain in my own poor way the real meaning of these expressions in the light of Fair Trade teaching. The British market is maintained at very great expense for the benefit of British consumers; and it is therefore quite right and just that consumers should contribute to this expense in proportion to the benefit which they receive, that is in proportion to the amount which they consume. It would obviously be too costly, if not impossible, to collect the exact and proper contribution directly from every consumer; and the tax is therefore levied on the *producer*, who passes it on to the consumer in the price which is charged for the article in question.

Under a system of *Fair Trade* a toll sufficient to defray market expenses is levied upon *all* producers whether home or foreign. The former (the *home* producers) make their contribution through taxation of various kinds; and the latter (the *foreign* producers) are mulcted in an equivalent import duty before they are allowed to place their goods on the market. This is obviously a perfectly just arrangement, because every producer is placed on an exactly equal footing, and no one is favoured more than another, but each contributes his fair share towards the expense of market upkeep.

Very different from this is so-called "Free" Trade. Under this system the *foreign* producer is allowed to use the market without paying anything towards its maintenance and defence. But the *home* producer pays in taxation not only as much as he would under a system of Fair Trade, but the share due from his foreign rival as well. Surely this is not just? If we admit the goods of the foreign producer into our market free, we surely ought to remit the taxation which is laid upon the home producer: and as this obviously cannot be done, there is nothing for it but to levy an equivalent duty on the foreign goods. Free Trade, in fact, is quite impossible, and what we call "Free" Trade is really Protection—of the foreigner.

In ordinary political jargon any departure from "Free" Trade (or Subsidised Foreign Importations) is labelled "Protection"—meaning, presumably, "Protection of the home producer." Well, we Fair Traders maintain that the home producer has a right to protection to such an extent as shall secure him a position in the home market equal to that of his foreign rival. More than that, we do not ask; but anything less than that we stigmatise as an unfair discrimination against our own people, and an utterly wrong and suicidal method of conducting the national business.

I think that Mr. Ridley will see now why I look upon "Free Trade," whether Imperial or Universal, as an offence against honest dealing. And surely, assuming that it would be such a great thing if the British Empire were knit together in an *Imperial Zollverein*, it would be a still greater thing if the whole world were knit together in a *Universal Zollverein*! If we are to give up our self-containedness as a nation, why stop at the British Empire? Why not go on to that "Federation of the World" of which poets and Socialists love to sing and talk?

The argument that the general prosperity which would follow on Imperial Federation would benefit English agriculture, is so obviously special pleading that I will not waste time on it, except to say that free importations of wheat will necessarily be disastrous for our heavily taxed farmers, whether they come from a foreign country or from a British Dominion such as Canada. Under Imperial Free Trade our agriculture will go on declining till we become a purely manufacturing community—a consummation which no one who has studied social conditions could look forward to without a thrill of something approaching to horror.

Mr. Ridley may be quite right in his assertion that this nation will never give up its Free Trade traditions or consent to the rehabilitation of its agriculture in the only way possible. Radical and Unionist politicians alike have so completely given themselves over to the fallacy that untaxed food is necessary if the working-man is to live, that he may very likely adhere to our Free Trade system either in an imperial or in a universal form. But this, at least, I can say: that, even if the working-man's food does remain cheap owing to its free entry from abroad, his general cost of living will be no less than it is, and will probably be more, owing to the enormous fleet which will be necessary, and the operation of the law by which the cost of this fleet will filter down to the working man in some form or other.

Finally, Sir, I have to thank you for the courtesy with which you have opened your columns to the discussion of so unorthodox a subject as Fair Trade. It is little to the credit of the Unionist Press that with few exceptions they stifle any discussion of official Tariff Reform, and seem intent on bolstering up a policy which even a Free Trader can demolish without difficulty. Before it is too late let us realise and admit that, if Free Trade is unsound, so also is Tariff Reform as whittled down for vote-catching purposes. Let us cease to be politicians and endeavour to be statesmen, secure in the conviction that an honest and consistent facing of realities will win in the long run. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus.

"CLASSICAL" AUTHORS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I see that in an able and interesting article in your number of October 4 the author states that "a 'classical' author is one whose works are proper to be studied in

class; from this notion all the other attributes of *classic* will seem to spring." Surely the origin of our phrase, "the classic authors," meaning the authors who have lent lasting distinction to the language of their country, comes from the Servian division of the Roman citizens into *classes*, which were subdivided into *centuries*. Those citizens who belonged to the first class, owning property valued at not less than 125,000 asses, were styled emphatically *classici*; those whose fortune did not amount to that sum were designated as *infra classem*. Thus: Aulus Gellius (xix, 8): *Classicus assiduusque aliquis scriptor non proletarius*—such is the explanation given in Ramsay's "Antiquities," p. 98, and it seems to me the true one. The development of meaning is similar to that seen in the case of "princeps": *primus* and *Capio*: signifying either "one who takes the first place," or "one who first takes spoils from an enemy."

The connection of *aqua* with *aequus* is more than doubtful. *Aqua* is connected etymologically with a root represented in A. Saxon, by *ea*, water (c.f., *eyot*): *aequus* is probably connected with O. Germ. *ewa* (law). *Aequus* is probably to be connected with *aequor*: "the level surface of ocean."

I am, yours, etc.,

H. A. STRONG.

Farnham Common, Bucks.

A MATTER OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I shall be glad if you will kindly grant me a little space to ask why, in the Book of Ezekiel, the words "Son of man" and "son of man" are spelled sometimes with a capital "S" and sometimes with a small "s."

For example, in Ezekiel ii, 1st and 3rd verses, Son of man; ii, 6th and 8th verses, son of man; and so on throughout the Book of forty-eight chapters. The words occur quite ninety times in Ezekiel.

As I know that this subject (correct spelling) is interesting to your readers, I thought that perhaps someone would be good enough to explain the rather puzzling variation.

It is of too frequent occurrence to be put down to a "printer's error," and, besides, the Bible having been made the subject of long and laborious study by many eminent scholars, such a mistake would have been notified, and long since have ceased to disfigure the sacred page. With apologies for troubling you, I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

D. B.

Ashford, Middlesex.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- An English Girl in the East: A Tale of Japan and India.* By Margaret Kirby. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
Black Silence. By Marie Connor Leighton. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
Was It Destiny? By Edith M. J. Lloyd. (Religious Tract Society. 6s.)
The Home-Breakers. By a Looker-On. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
Fool of April. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
Love Tides. By Capt. Frank H. Shaw. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

- His Magnificence: A Novel of Lorenzo de' Medici.* By A. J. Anderson. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
Undreamed Ways. By Max Egerton. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
Prince John of Streplitz. By Major F. A. Symons. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)
Marthe. By Reginald Nye. Coloured Frontispiece. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 6s.)
The Perfect Wife. By Joseph Keating. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
The Painted Lady. By Arabella Kenealy. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
Weeds. By Olave Potter and Douglas Sladen. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
Melutoona. By Hannah Berman. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
The Inseparables: An Oxford Novel of To-day. By James Baker. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. net.)
Alone in a Crowd. By Editha L. Blaikley. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)
The Wiles of Wilhelmina. By Florence Warden. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
In Queer Street. By Fergus Hume. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
Up Above. By John N. Raphael. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
A Dinner of Herbs. By Algernon Gissing. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
The Bewildered Benedict: The Story of a Superfluous Uncle. By Edward Burke. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)
The Joy of Youth. By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
Lot's Wife. By A. M. Judd. (John Long. 6s.)
The Eurasian. By Henry Bruce. (John Long. 6s.)
Crimson Lilies. By May Crommelin. (John Long. 7d. net.)
The Magnetic Girl. By Richard Marsh. (John Long. 7d. net.)
The Matheson Money. By Florence Warden. (John Long. 7d. net.)
The Best of the Season. By Nat Gould. (John Long. 1s.)
The Pomanders. By Arthur Fetterless. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

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